NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

Without Concealment----Without Compromise.

VOLUME VII.—NO. 23. NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1846. WHOLE NUMBER 335

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
BY THE
AMERICAN A. S. SOCIETY.
At 142 Nassau Street, New-York.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor.

☞ All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to the Editor.

☞ Donations to the Treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society may be forwarded to FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer, at Boston; or to S. H. Gay, Assistant Treasurer, at New-York.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum: Strictly in advance in all cases.

H. M. HENRY, PRINTER.

Selections.

DISUNION.

We find in the *New-York Mirror* the following capital article on Disunion. It is a plain, common-sense statement of the whole matter, and just such an one as we most wish to come before the people. If the press generally had the courage to state as clearly what we are about as this article of the *Mirror* does, our work would be half over. What little there is in it that we don't like we forgive for the so much that we do. The writer, however, is much mistaken in saying that Disunion is the only object of the Abolitionists. Disunion with them is a *means* for the abolition of Slavery:

It is something more than thirty years since Josiah Quincy, a representative in Congress from Massachusetts, had the boldness to declare, in the face of the nation, that the Union must be dissolved: unluckily for his reputation, he added, "Peaceably, if we can—forcibly, if we must." Even at that early day, when the population of the States was comparatively homogeneous, the limits of our territory exceedingly contracted, compared with their present expansion; and many of the leading spirits of the Revolution still in active life—the interests, real or, imaginary, of opposite extremes of the Confederacy were found to clash; and disunion was not only considered desirable in some places, but inevitable. Shortly after Mr. Quincy's bold declaration, the Hartford Convention assembled—the object of its members, as was generally believed, being disunion; but the storm of reproaches and indignities which they brought upon themselves operated as an effectual extinguisher of everything like a sentiment of disunion, until the spirit of discontent broke out in an unsuspected quarter. South Carolina showed a spirit of rebellion so boldly that the whole nation took the alarm; and although Gen. Jackson used violent language, and threatened terribly, we were very glad to preserve the integrity of our Republic by a compromise of our principles, and the refractory member of the Confederacy was mollified. Since then the causes of disunion have multiplied four-fold—our territory has been increased—the interests of the people have become more diverse,—and the people themselves, as a natural consequence of the extension of territory, more unlike; and although there have been no violent demonstrations in favour of disunion, the sentiment has been spreading to an extent little dreamed of by those who judge of the political condition of the country by studying statistical tables, or reading partisan newspapers. In Massachusetts the disunionists are formidable in numbers, but more formidable in talents. One of the most active spirits among them is a son of that same Quincy who first proclaimed the necessity for disunion, in Congress. He is a fanatical Abolitionist, but there is that method in his madness which succeeds in gaining over to his views men who pride themselves on their sanity and coolness. He is a man of wealth, a spirited debater, a ready and vigorous writer, well educated, and of unimpeachable integrity. He has many able coadjutors, generally young men of active temperaments, and well disciplined minds, belonging to what are considered the best families in New England, and many of them in independent circumstances. They are indefatigable in spreading their doctrines, embracing every opportunity to address the public ear by means of the press, and by popular meetings. Some of them, who possess the gift of eloquence, go into the inland towns and deliver lectures—their wives, sisters, and mothers co-operating with them in small circles by establishing local societies and getting up fairs for the purpose of raising funds. Some of them are clergymen, liberal Christians, who do not scruple to make the pulpit and their pastoral visitations the means by which they spread the doctrines of disunion. They have hired agents, whose sole business is to lecture in different parts of the country; two or three are now in Ohio; three or four are in the western part of this State; there are several in Pennsylvania, and a considerable number in Massachusetts and New Hampshire. The recent change in the political aspect of New Hampshire is attributable almost solely to the influence of these people. The Coryphæus of the tribe is at present in England, with two or three fellow-labourers, zealously working in the cause; and meeting, as a matter of course, with great success, so far as exciting sympathy goes. But as these disunionists refuse to go to the polls, because by so doing they must acknowledge the validity of the Constitution, their strength is not discovered by the people at large. Yet their influence will soon be palpably felt: its effect upon the minds of the rising generation can hardly be over-estimated, and that the result in the end will be the attainment of their object, can hardly be doubted. These disunionists are nominally Abolitionists; but their sole aim is to free the North from all connection with Slavery—politically and socially—and this they know can only be brought about by a disunion of the States.

Politicians are apt to confound the Abolitionists with the "Liberty party" people; but they are distinct organizations, and utterly at variance with each other. The Liberty party are in favour of abolishing Slavery by political action, and would preserve the Union and the Constitution—professing to believe that the Constitution does not authorize slaveholding, because the word "slave" is not contained in that instrument. They are the Birneyites. The Abolitionists, on the contrary, say that the Constitution does authorize Slavery, and binds the nation to protect the slaveholding States in the preservation of their slave property; and therefore they cannot, by voting or holding any office in the State, sanction a law which compels them to do violence to their perceptions of right and wrong. Their professed object is to bring about a political revolution by operating solely on the minds of the people, so that when the majority shall become ripe for nullification, their object will be effected without any appearance of external violence, and the Confederation will fall to pieces of itself, by means of its incongruousness, and for the lack of a natural bond of union. These are the Garrisonmen. Their plans appear Utopian and visionary to the mere politician, who is accustomed to view all changes in government as the effects of intrigue and force; but the statesman should not permit the movements of such men to pass unheeded. Men are not to be despised because they are called fanatics. In this country the popular mind is shaped by fanatics and demagogues, and our wise men and statesmen must be convinced that it will not do to trust to boys and rowdies to answer the arguments of Abolitionists with rotten eggs and tar and feathers. If they are put down it must be by the use of very different means. These have been often tried, but have never yet been successful in a single case; and it is time that a system was introduced for the suppression of revolutionary principles. Railroads and free trade will prove two of the most powerful instruments in perpetuating the Union; and the Government, if it desires to preserve the integrity of the empire of the States, should never let slip an opportunity of strengthening the bonds by increasing the facilities of intercommunication between the opposite extremes of the country. When Mr. Polk vetoed the harbour bill he gave a violent blow to the Union, and committed one of those political blunders which are more unpardonable in a statesman than a great crime.

We have but glanced hastily at one class of disunionists in this article; but there are others of a widely different character—hardly less influential, although not possessing so fiery a zeal in the propagation of their principles—to whom we shall advert hereafter.

THE SLAVE CASE.

In the Court of Oyer and Terminer this morning, Judge Edmonds declared the opinion of the majority of the court in the case of the slave boy, George Kirk, as follows:

By the United States Constitution, Article iv, § 2, a fugitive from service can be claimed only by the party to whom the service is due.

By the Act of 1793, 1 Story Laws of the United States, 285, in case of the escape of a person held to labour, the person to whom such service may be due, his agent or attorney, is empowered to seize or arrest such fugitive and take him before a proper officer, to the end that a warrant may be obtained for removing him to the State from which he had fled.

As I read and understand this statute, it clearly contemplates that the right to reclaim a fugitive slave shall not be exercised except by due process of law, and never *vi et armis*. Such at least was the contemporaneous interpretation by Congress of this provision in the Constitution, and would forbid to the owner—and if to him, then surely to his agent or attorney—the right by strong hand, by fastened hatches, blows, and hand-cuffs, to enforce a re-clamation. And such construction seemed to me most consonant with the principle of our institutions, which forbids that any one shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property, except by due course of law.

The Supreme Court of the United States, however, seem, in the case of Prigg *vs.* Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, 15 Peters 539, to have intimated a different opinion, though as that point was not necessarily before them, and as the question submitted to them by Convent, was the constitutionality of a law of Pennsylvania and the power of its Legislature to pass any law upon the subject, it may well be doubted whether their remarks were not *obiter dicta*. But if they are otherwise—if pertinent and decisive, they are still carefully guarded with the qualification, that the party may "claim and re-take his wife, child, or servant, wherever he happens to find them, so it be not in a riotous manner or attended with a breach of the peace;" "and the owner may seize and re-capture his slave whenever he can do it without any breach of the peace or any illegal violence."

The general language of the return in this case, and the right assumed under it, might justify the resort to illegal violence in seizing and re-taking the slave. The right to re-take him or to hold him in durance, is in the return founded on the asserted fact that he is "a fugitive from service in the State of Georgia, under and by virtue of the laws of which State he is held to labour and service as the slave of Charles Chapman, of Bryan county, in said State," and the fact that he had concealed himself on board the vessel for the purpose of escaping from such servitude. If this fact alone, without any qualification, without any averment, that the restraint was without illegal violence, would justify this restraint, then they would of necessity justify restraint in a riotous manner or by a breach of the peace.

That could not be defended in the owner, and of course not in his agent or attorney.

If it were otherwise, the master of the vessel in this case, would be justified in holding the slave, at the point of the bayonet, with closed hatches and with chains.

But it is unnecessary to dwell upon this consideration, for the master of the vessel cannot justly be regarded as the agent or attorney of the owner. It is not pretended that he has any express authority from the owner. The facts of the return preclude the idea. It is contended that the authority is implied from the laws of Georgia.

To this claim there are several very conclusive answers.

1. The laws of Georgia do not operate beyond her territory. From the first moment that the respondent discovered the boy on board his vessel, and began the exercise of his control over him, until the present time, he has been without the jurisdiction of Georgia, beyond her territory, and beyond the operation of her laws. And to allow this claim, would be, in effect, to call upon the magistrates of this State, within our territory, to execute the laws of Georgia, not to enforce a right which had become perfect within her territory, but one that had had no beginning even till her boundaries had been passed. I am not aware that the obligation of one State to give full faith and credit to the public acts, records, and judicial proceedings of every other State has ever been carried to that extent. How can it be, without subjecting the territory of every State to the jurisdiction of at least twenty-seven independent sovereignties?

2. The laws of Georgia do not of themselves contemplate any such agency. It is true that by those laws any person may apprehend a fugitive slave and return him to his master. But this confers no special authority upon the respondent, to the exclusion of everybody else. "Every person" may do it, and how can it be said that this makes him more than any other person the owner's agent. "Every person" may just as well be such agent as the respondent.

But that statute in its very terms is intended to operate within the territory of Georgia, and not beyond it. Or why the provision that within forty-eight hours after the apprehension, the slave shall be sent back to his master? If the manucaptor in Maine should retain him forty-eight months, or forty-eight years, could the jurisdiction of Georgia reach him with its penal inflictions? Why the provision that he who harbours the slave, shall be confined in the penitentiary? Could a citizen of New-York be condemned to the Penitentiary of Georgia, for harbouring the slave in New-York?

It is evident that the statute was calculated only to operate within the territory of Georgia, and the sovereign authority of that State would doubtless be not a little surprised to learn that so wide a range of authority was claimed for its enactments.

Numerous difficulties would spring from the establishment of the principles contended for. Though in this case there is no reason to apprehend that aught would be done that conscience and the law would not sanction, yet it is worth while to consider the effect of the decision in case it should be drawn into a precedent.

How long may the master of a vessel, under such circumstances, detain the slave within our borders? Days, months, or years? What security is to be afforded that the slave will be returned to the person entitled to his service, and not be sold elsewhere into bondage? What is there to prevent our own free citizens from being carried away into Slavery? Our protection would be very imperfect, if the law should be so established.

As then the respondent cannot with propriety be regarded as the agent of the owner, and as such owner does not present a claim to the services of this boy, either by himself or by his agent or attorney, the prisoner cannot be held, under the Constitution or laws of the United States, as a fugitive from service, and must be discharged, unless he can be held under the laws of our own State.

Our Revised Statutes (1. R. S. 659, § 15,) contain a provision that whenever a person of colour owing service in another State shall secrete himself on board a vessel and be brought into this State in such a vessel, the captain may seize him and take him before the Mayor, &c. who may inquire into the circumstances and give a certificate, which shall be a sufficient warrant to the captain to carry or send such person of colour to the port or place from which he was brought. And on the argument, it was suggested, that, *non constat*, the respondent held him in custody for the purpose of taking him before an officer under such statute.

It has been well questioned on the argument, whether our Legislature had any authority to enact such a statute.

In Prigg's case, 16 Peters 617. Story J says, the legislation of Congress, if constitutional, must supercede all State legislation upon the same subject, and by necessary implication prohibit it. For if Congress have a constitutional power to regulate a particular subject, and they do actually regulate it in a given manner, and in a certain form, it cannot be that the States have a right to interfere.

In Houston *vs.* Moore 5 Wheat. 1, it is expressly held that where Congress have exercised a power over a subject given them by the Constitution, it is not competent for State legislation to add to the provisions of Congress.

In Prigg's case, 16 Peters, the Court held that the power of legislation on the subject is exclusive in the national Government, and cites with approbation, the language of Chief Justice Marshall in Sturgiss *vs.* Crowninshield, 4 Wheat. "Wherever the term in which a power is granted to Congress, or the nature of the power require that it should be exclusively exercised by Congress, the subject is as completely taken from the State Legislatures as if they had been forbidden to act."

And after discussing the evils that might arise from State interference, concludes, surely such a state of things never could have been intended under such a solemn guarantee of right and duty.

The nature and objects of the provisions imperiously require that to make it effectual it should be exclusive of State authority.

But still the police power is left to the States, so that the rights of the owners be in no just sense interfered with.

And whether the provisions of our Revised Statutes is constitutional or not, depends upon this question—whether it was intended and would necessarily operate merely to advance and enforce the rights of the owner, or to secure the State from the depredation and evil example of the fugitives? If the former, the statute cannot be sustained. Yet in this case it is invoked solely for the benefit of the owner, and the statute provides not that the fugitive shall be removed from our territory—which would be all that would be necessary if our own welfare alone was consulted—but that he shall be delivered up to the master of the vessel, to the end that he may be carried back to the port from which he was brought.

The constitutionality of this provision of our Revised Statutes, may, therefore, well be questioned.

But it is not necessary to decide that point. It is enough that it is nowhere in the return alleged that the respondent claims, or did claim, to hold the slave for any such purpose. The claim, as has already been stated, is founded solely on the fact that George is a slave, and that fact is set forth in the return in such general terms, that at one moment it is urged as sufficient to justify a claim to hold him as the agent of the owner, and at another as the captain of the vessel; at one instant as justified by a well defined provision of our national Constitution, and at another by a doubtful local statute.

The fact set out in the return does indeed support the one claim as well as the other. But that circumstance of itself shows that the averment is too defective to be available under either aspect. Besides, the fact would justify a still broader claim, that, namely, of any person who should please, within our territory, to arrest him as a fugitive from service.

If the respondent was in fact holding the boy in pursuance of this statute, and for the purpose of taking him before the Mayor, that his liability to servitude might be adjudicated upon, he ought so to have averred on his return, and this, not merely as matter of form, but as matter of substance, that the prisoner might have taken issue upon it.

To seize him and take him before the Mayor, &c. would require a very brief period of time, yet, consistently with the truth of the return, he may have been detained for days after his seizure and after his arrival in this port. If, on an issue joined, such should appear to be the fact, any court or jury might say, he ought to be bound in common fairness to declare, that he had not been held for any such purpose.

In a case involving personal liberty, where the fact is left in such obscurity that it can be helped out only by intendments, the well established rule of law requires that intendments shall be in favour of the prisoner.

We have not in the return anything to warrant the idea that the respondent was holding the slave for the purpose of taking him before the Mayor under the State statute, except the facts that he was a slave, that he had concealed himself on board the vessel, and was there held in durance.

And those facts would just as well warrant the idea that he held him as the agent of the owner under the laws of the United States, or held him for the purpose of selling him into bondage elsewhere.

This claim, resting as it does, on a doubtful statute, and unsupported by the facts, must also fall to the ground. And the respondent is left before us to be regarded as one having no authority in the matter, but as preferring a claim to the custody of this boy, simply because he has admitted himself to have been a slave.

To allow the claim in this case, would justify his being surrendered to any other stranger who might demand him, in order to transport him into closer and more enduring bondage, or to conceal him beyond the reach of his lawful master.

The court then instructed the clerk (says the Post) to enter an order on the minutes, directing the slave to be discharged from custody. In the Park were assembled several hundred coloured people to whom the decision was made known immediately on its rendition, and forthwith the air resounded with long and loud huzzas. The "boy" was taken from court by those who had befriended him, and followed by a large concourse of people.

The Great Slave-Case.

We give below a number of articles from various papers, showing the tone of the Press here during the week, on the slave-case. As a general thing, the papers have said little else than to give an account of the proceedings against us. The *Globe*, the *Express*, the *Mirror*, and the *Herald*, have attempted to turn public sentiment against the boy.

ANOTHER NEGRO RIOT.

The following articles, from the *New-York Globe*, are just what we should expect from that paper. Is it harsh to say that nothing but the most brutal inhumanity would prompt one thus to treat the case of a man who has been deprived of his liberty by the exercise of the most high-handed tyranny?

The case of the slave Kirk was again argued yesterday, before Judge Edmonds, the opinion of the Court being reserved until this morning. During the entire day the Park was crowded with a large concourse of negroes, who gathered around the steps of the City Hall, and hung like a dark and portentous cloud upon the staircases, and around the avenues that led to the court-room. Some fifty of this sable portion of our population had gained ingress to the room in the early part of the day, and held their seats during the arguments of the counsel, while in the passages were a pepper and salt mixture of darkies, Abolitionists, and loafers generally, all intently arguing the all-absorbing question. In the rear of the City Hall, at noon, some five or six hundred of the African race had congregated, including all conditions, sexes, and ages. Some few were decently dressed, but the major part were decidedly representatives from the purlieus of Thomas and Laurens streets, and the Five Points. There were many negresses in attendance, some even with little picaninnies in their arms, whose round and shining faces peered out curiously from the dingy blanket which, in many instances, was their only covering. Their were all shades also there, from the India rubber hue of the native of Congo and Dahomey, to the sickly sweetened-milk complexion of those who, in consequence of the licentious practices of the lower haunts of vice, could claim a mixed parentage. The whole mass was evidently highly excited, and as the day wore away, and no tidings of the decision was brought them, the feeling of impatience began to find vent in threats and manifestations of impending violence. At two o'clock the mass made a rush for the court-room, and soon the passages and marble staircases were filled with the sooty procession, each eagerly pressing forward towards the room, where they supposed that Kirk was in custody. An energetic movement, however, on the part of the police, who were in attendance in force, headed by the chief, Mr. Matsell, soon restored order, and the dark avalanche was turned back into the Park. Threats were openly made by many of them that the prisoner should *not* go back to the Tombs! that they were able to prevent it, and one desperate fellow drawing a long sheath knife, swore that he "*was ready to wade to his knees in blood!*"

About this time, officers Leonard, Austin, and Boyle, succeeded in arresting a rascal named Middleton Robinson Cooley, who was pointed out by Mr. Fallon, as one of the ring-leaders in the riot on Saturday afternoon, and the negro, who was an exceedingly ugly and violent customer, was taken to the chief's office, and locked up. This arrest was effected so quietly that the assemblage did not find it out at all, and some two hours thereafter, he was escorted to the Tombs under a strong guard of the police force, headed by the chief in person. As the officers turned out of the Park into Centre street several of the mob who were watching the proceedings, suddenly seemed to be impressed with the idea that the prisoner was none other than the slave himself, and instead of following, were running after to see where he goes!"—"That's him!" which was followed by a promiscuous rush of the entire crowd towards the apparently doomed policemen. They overtook the squad in charge of Cooley, at the intersection of Pearl street, and amidst the most demoniac yells and cries, rushed in for a rescue. The officers, however, stood firm, and being formed in hollow square, with the prisoner in the centre, they plied their clubs with such good effect, as, although assailed by nearly five hundred infuriated wretches, to drive them off, and capture four more of the foremost, who were, with Cooley, taken to the Tombs and locked up. The brutal mob, who soon ascertained that they were mistaken, then returned to the Park, at which place they remained until after the court adjourned, in the vain hope of attempting to snatch the supposed slave from the authorities, while being taken back to the Tombs. They finally dispersed after nightfall, but in all probability will reassemble to-day; we warn them, however, of the sure destruction which will fall upon them, in case they attempt any interference with the peaceable operations of the laws. They have bad advisers,—they are incited to this course by bad men, who, in case of any serious outbreak will surely not escape scot free, while the retribution which will descend upon the heads of this ignorant mass, will be terrible indeed.

Not the least singular of the occurrences of yesterday, was the fact that *Kirk was not placed in Court at all!* This, the negroes was repeatedly told, but, with a strange infatuation, would not believe. In all sincerity, we advise them to stay at home this day; they are disgusting their best friends, and have now, by their recent acts in this city, created a current of popular feeling against them, as a race, that years will not remove.

THE SLAVE CASE AGAIN.

Our limits being exceedingly brief, on account of the great press of political matter, we are forced to condense, as much as possible, the interesting events of yesterday, in relation to this dark subject. We will go through with it "log" fashion, leaving our readers to fill in the usual reportorial embellishments.

9 A.M.—Three negroes in the Park.

9:30—Some fifty hard-looking customers, very black and woolly, in rear of the City Hall.

10—Judge Edmonds takes his seat in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, and commenced delivering his opinion. Congregation of darkies outside, swelled to three hundred.

10:30—Capt. Buckley obtains a warrant from the Mayor, for the arrest of Kirk, the slave, on an act of State law, (Rev. Stat. p. 1. chap. xx. § 13.)

10:20—Keeps the same in his pocket.

10:25—Sundry Abolitionists and niggers make a rush for court-room! Are repulsed by some one hundred policemen in attendance.

19:30—Agent Crummels, [young darkey,] of Anti-Slavery Society, makes application for admission to court-room—refused.

10:45—Much grumbling among the outside spectators—Judge Edmonds still progressing in his opinion—Capt. Bulkley in court-room looking after slave.

11 o'clock—Capt. Buckley gone down to consult the Mayor—large number of policemen start from the Tombs, with slave in custody.

11:10—Judge Edmonds concludes opinion. Slave set free.

11:12—Policemen bring slave in court-room.—Word passed—"is discharged." Slave rushed down stairs—across Park into Nassau street. Immense cheering—several female niggers faint for joy.

11:15—Capt. Buckley starts from Mayor's room.—Slave off. Niggers, "whoop!" "hurrah!" "Ki! white-men, come it ober you dis time!" Capt. B. looks astonished and nonplussed. Slave diving into pie-man's cellar in Beekman street. Police officers on the *qui vive*, dodging all about.

11:20—Great crowd at corner of Nassau and Beekman. Policemen plunging into cellars. Niggers in great glee. Carriage driving towards Fulton Ferry at great speed.

11:22—Carriage stopped by policemen. No nigger in it.

11:25—General muss.

11:30—Crowd increasing. Slave seen passing in rear of Robinson's lithographic establishment and making for building of Anti-Slavery Society.

12, M—Justice Taylor has searched all the buildings, and announces to the crowd that slave is not inside.

12:2—Cry of "There he goes!" draws most of mob in front of Tribune office. False alarm.—Much swearing. Mob retiring.

12:30—Folks generally dispersed.

1 o'clock—Two niggers in white hats walking up and down before the office of the New-York Observer.

2 o'clock—All quiet—Policemen on watch—Slave supposed to be in Anti-Slavery buildings. White hat niggers still on the look-out.

3 o'clock—No change.

4 o'clock—Do.

4:15—Cart placed before door of Anti-Slavery office.

4:20—Large box placed on cart, and cart driven up Beekman to Park Row.

4:23—Officer Boyle jumps on cart and takes direction of box: "Rev. Ira Manley, Essex, N. Y.

4:23 1-2—Officer Bloom takes place of officer Boyle on cart, looks in box and saw negro's heel.

4:24—Officer Boyle breaks open box, and hauls out slave; officer Cory aiding.

4:27—Slave in Chief's Office—niggers begin to gather outside.

4:30—Mayor Mickle in attendance.

4:35—Mr. Jay, counsel for slave, arrives; and Mr. White sent for.

4:40—Counsellor Blunt makes his appearance, unemployed by Capt. Buckley.

4:45—Counsellor Jay craves an adjournment—has not had his dinner.

4:45 1-4—Counsellor Blunt accedes—wishes to be shaved.

4:47—Mayor adjourns investigation to 6, P. M.

4:50—Slave takes to Tombs in carriage.

5:50—Note arrives from Counsellor White—has not had his dinner, and wants a *fee* before he moves in the business.

6 o'clock—All hands repair to Court of Sessions. Present, Recorder Scott, Mayor Mickle, Judge Edmonds, Chief of Police—District Attorney, Counsellors Brady, Blunt, Jay, White, and some fifty others, together with police justices, clerks, policemen, reporters, gentlemen at large, spectators, and loafers generally, with Kirk, the slave.

6:15—Mayor served with writ of habeas corpus to bring Kirk forthwith before Judge Edmonds.

6:16—Mr. Blunt objects to the writ on various grounds.

6:19—Captain Buckley engaged in making affidavit against slave of assault and battery, on board vessel.

6:19 1-4—District Attorney served with a process by Counsellor Jay, to compel him to appear in behalf of slave.

6:20—Counsellor Blunt objects—law absolute—much argument.

6:35—Officer Bowyer arrests slave for assault and battery.

6:40—Counsellor Brady, as counsel for the Mayor, declares that it will take some two hours to make return to habeas corpus. Much argument again.

7 o'clock—Much argument, everybody talking.

8 o'clock—Much argument, everybody talking.

8:30—Court adjourns to this morning at 10, when a return will be made to the habeas corpus and argument entertained in relation to the legality of the instrument. Slave meanwhile in custody of officers Bowyer, Brown, and Leonard.

CHARACTERISTIC.—The *Tribune* justifies the attempt which a mob of negroes made, on Saturday, to rescue the fugitive slave from Georgia, while on his way, in custody of the police, from the court to the prison, and says that several of them are now in prison for the offence; and the editor hopes that certain mitigating circumstances which he mentions, will have due weight on their trial. This is just what might be expected from the *Tribune*, and this justification of outrageous violence drew a large crowd of negroes to the City Hall yesterday, who swore they would have justice *if they had to cut throats for it*! High times! to be sure, when such conduct is tolerated in this peaceable community.

From the New-York Tribune.

THE POLICE OF NEW-YORK ON A SLAVE-HUNT!

Will the people of this city read and ponder the plain statement of facts we are about to make? We don't want to create an unwholesome excitement; we don't want to bring out the virtuous of our citizens by thousands to declare and assert by acts as well as words, that if we are to have mob-law, it shall be mob-law for the right and not for the wrong; we are not mobocrats, and we believe in no revolution but peaceful revolution, and, therefore, all we want to do is to make the people of this city THINK of what is passing around them, and then see if there is not some virtue in the simple expression of a righteous popular indignation to bring petty tyrants to a sense of what they are about. Now mark a plain story:

On Tuesday morning last, a coloured boy, by name, George Kirk, was declared by the Court of Oyer and Terminer to have been illegally and wrongfully restrained of his liberty,—in other words, that he was a FREEMAN, with the same rights in this great city of ours as you or I. He was released, and with some of his friends fled from the City Hall—for they feared that some process would be issued against him by which the captain of the "Mobile" would get possession of him and return him to bondage. He fled like a hunted hare to a neighbouring cellar. The building, in which he lay concealed was surrounded by policemen. THE WHOLE NINE HUNDRED OF THE POLICE *of this city, were ordered to take the body of this poor boy if they could get it!* Now, by what authority was this done? Where is the law that compels the whole police force of New-York to turn out like so many blood-hounds to hunt down one poor negro to make a slave of him? *There is no law.* This force was turned out by ORDER OF THE MAYOR, *without the issuing of any legal process.* Capt. Buckley wanted to get possession of the boy, that he might, under an old law—the constitutionality of which even Judge Edmonds said was doubtful, and which it is contended has been repealed—take him before the Mayor and get a certificate that the boy was a slave, found on board his vessel, and that he, therefore, might return him to Savannah! And the captain offered *fifty dollars* to the man that would catch the boy; and the Mayor said to the Chief of Police, "Set your nine hundred men on the scent!" When the boy was caught was time enough to issue legal process! Indeed he had no right to issue any till the captain brought the boy before him. Now, good people, what do you think of this? Is it the duty of the Mayor and police of New-York to turn slave-catchers? At least, whether poor George Kirk is delivered over to the tender mercies of his Southern master or not, haven't you anything to say to Mayor Mickle and his nine hundred policemen? There may be some of them who detest the act of which, as a body, they have been guilty, but till they let the public know that in some way, let the public mark his Honour (!) the Mayor, and every man that wears a star upon his breast as a SLAVE-HUNTER.

From the Tribune.

TEXTS FOR THE DAY.

We take the liberty of advising religious people who are fond of quoting the Bible in extenuation of Slavery, and who think that George Kirk ought to be sent back to Georgia, to read this morning, at family prayers, the following verses in Deut. xxiii. 15, 16:

Thou shalt not deliver unto the master the servant that is escaped from his master unto thee: He shall dwell with thee, even among you, in that place which he shall choose in one of the gates, where it liketh him best: thou shalt not oppress him.

As to those legal quibblers who esteem human above Divine authority, whose talk is of legal precedents, enactments, and compacts, and who would give to Slavery its pound of flesh, even if in so doing they must tear away the soul of Freedom, we commend to their notice the following passage from Brougham:

Tell me not of rights—talk not of the property of the planter in his slaves. I deny the right—I acknowledge not the property. The principles, the feelings, of our common nature, rise in rebellion against it. Be the appeal made to the understanding or to the heart, the sentence is the same that rejects it. In vain you tell me of laws that sanction such a claim! There is a law above all the enactments of human codes—the same throughout the world, the same in all times—it is the law written by the finger of God on the heart of man; and by that law, unchangeable and eternal, while men despise fraud, and loathe rapine, and abhor blood, they shall reject with indignation the wild and guilty fantasy, that man can hold property in man!

The tone of the *Herald* is also just what we should expect from that paper:

THE SLAVE CASE.

Long before the time fixed for opening the Court of Oyer and Terminer, yesterday morning, a very disorderly and excited mob of coloured people flocked to the City Hall, and some Abolitionists also appeared in the crowd. Several uttered threats of an intention to rescue the slave, who was to have been brought from the Tombs. The Mayor ordered out a large police force, who had to march from the City Hall towards the Tombs, and immediately returned with the slave, George Kirk. The Chief of Police, Mr. Matsell, remained at the City Hall with a small force, and his arrangements to prevent any symptoms of riot were admirably planned. The police soon returned with the slave, who appeared quite a young lad of about eighteen years of age, dressed in thin blue clothing. He passed into the City Hall, the "observed of all observers," and appeared unconscious of the tumult his presence had aroused in New-York. In a few minutes after entering the court-room, Judge Edmonds delivered his opinion, whereby the prisoner was discharged from custody, and was immediately liberated. He was immediately borne from court by a vast crowd of coloured people, and a shout of exultation was immediately raised. He was next carried to a basement in Beekman street, corner of Nassau, where he partook of some refreshments, and a large crowd assembled round the place, anxious to catch a glimpse of the "liberated slave." The police here congregated in good force, and Justice Taylor came forward and ordered the crowd to disperse. The police here dispersed the crowd, and a cry was raised that a second warrant was issued, upon which the greatest consternation was again raised. There was much excitement during the day, as the coloured people seemed determined to resist a second arrest; the owner of the liberated slave having arrived, it was rumoured, in New-York, with a view to effect the same. The Captain of the brig Mobile, in which the slave secreted himself, not feeling satisfied with the decision of Judge Edmonds, in discharging the slave, concluded to arrest him again on his own responsibility, under an act entitling the Captain of any vessel coming to this port, who should have on board of such vessel a runaway slave, to arrest him forthwith, and bring him before the Mayor or Recorder of the city for adjudication—consequently, he appointed several policemen to act as agents in assisting him to make the arrest, and amongst this number, were officers Bloom and Boyle of the Chief's office, and officer Corey, of the 3d ward, who kept a strict watch on the basement, where the object of their search was taken into, and in the course of the afternoon they observed a cartman drive up in Nassau, near Beekman street, and soon after, they saw two large boxes, apparently of some weight, taken from the basement in Nassau street, placed upon the cart, and drove off. This created the suspicion of the officers, (who having been instructed by the Chief of Police, to examine everything minutely that might be carried out of the basement,) and following the cart into Park Row, officer Boyle jumped upon the cart to examine the boxes, and saw the largest one of the two labelled

REV. IRA MANLEY,
ESSEX, NEW-YORK.
This side up with care.

At this time, the cartman being aware of his precious load, was whipping up his horse to hurry off, when officer Bloom mounted the cart and ordered the driver to stop, and putting his nose to a crack in this labelled box, smelt the negro's feet "werry" strong, and placing his eye close to the crack, saw his leg; this was enough for Bloom, who at once slipped off the cover, and there laid Mr. "Nig," (George Kirk,) snugly stowed away, like a black monkey, covered up with abolition tracts. Officer Corey then jumped upon the cart to assist Bloom, who, both together, conducted him before the Chief of Police, and from there to the Court of Sessions in Centre street, where his Honour the Mayor and Recorder were sitting to hear the case; but before the case came up, a writ of *habeas corpus* was served upon his Honour the Mayor, issued by Judge Edmonds, requesting the Mayor to produce George Kirk, the slave, forthwith, before him at his Chambers. However, upon a polite request of the Mayor, Judge Edmonds came to the Court of Sessions to receive the return to the writ. When, after a few remarks from the counsel on both sides, the return to the writ was postponed until to-day at ten o'clock, in the above court. Meanwhile the slave remains in the custody of the Mayor, who committed him to the Tombs, to be forthcoming when wanted. A great excitement is expected, particularly amongst the negroes, and an immense crowding will be experienced in obtaining admittance to the court.

THE CASE OF THE SLAVE GEORGE comes up this morning in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, at half-past ten o'clock. Messrs. JAY and WHITE, we understand, are retained as counsel on behalf of George. An attempt was made at a rescue on Saturday; but this, we have confidence enough in the humane feeling of our citizens to believe, will not create any prejudice against the slave. He of course was not concerned in it. Much, however, as we would condemn any attempt to interfere with the regular course of justice, there are extenuating circumstances in this case which should be considered. It will be remembered that George was brought before the court on Thursday morning, and that his case has been postponed from day to day by request of counsel. On Saturday morning it was generally understood that it would positively come up to-day, but most unwisely and unnecessarily a third party got out a new writ, under which the alleged slave was taken backward and forward from prison to court and court to prison, till some few of the coloured people very naturally became fearful, from these conflicting proceedings, that something was wrong, and, exasperated at the thought of the man being given up as a slave through trickery and fraud, made an unfortunate attempt at a rescue. Several of them are now in jail for this offence, and these mitigating circumstances, we trust, will have due weight on their trial. We are confident that no difficulties would have ensued but for the confusion created by the interference, by a new writ, with the regular proceeding which had been instituted.—*Tribune.*

THE CRIME OF RUNNING AWAY FROM SLAVERY.

Captain Buckley is the *innocent* man, but that "boy" is to all intents a *criminal*, as much so as the incendiary who secretly casts a torch into your dwelling; as much so, in fact, as the *slave-stealer* who decoys his unsuspecting victim, and then sells him into a hopeless servitude. This "boy," by his own illegal, and consequently criminal act, in secreting himself on board the Mobile, has brought impending punishment upon a worthy and unoffending man.—*Globe.*

A crime to run away from Slavery! Could impudence or hypocrisy go farther? And this is Democracy!

The Captain is innocent, is he? What then does the Globe think of a law which would consign *such* a man to the Penitentiary? Is it from above or from beneath?—*Tribune.*

The following, from the *Mirror*, is most contemptible. That paper, however, seems to have no particular character. It is pro-slavery one day and anti-slavery the next, or both at once, according to the character of the man the editor persuades to write for him:

THE COURT JOURNAL.

The slave case has proved the best card of the season for Judge Edmonds, so far. Every part of the house was crowded with an audience of the most miscellaneous character; and the professional artists never acquitted themselves more creditably. Judge Edmonds and the two sage-looking aldermen, answered the purpose of a chorus, ever present upon the stage, as in the days of Euripides, and where the foot-lights ought to have been, sat Mr. Ogden Hoffman, who was indeed more of a head-light than a foot-light. He might be considered as the flute-player, who anciently regulated the steps of the choristers. Thespis introduced two actors, and Sophocles a third, so in this instance, the boy George, the slave, was the Thespis, who introduced Messrs. Jay and White, and the Captain was Sophocles, with the third actor, Mr. Blunt.

The audience were divided, like a checker-board, at the commencement of the game—the black men on one side, and the white on the other. This was only in the lobby, however, for in the court-room, strictly speaking, there was a strange mingling of characters, but all of one colour. The seats of the jury—the dress circle of modern days, were filled with wise-acres from the tombs, Nassau street, and Wall, while the pit was crowded with the friends of the slave, the admirers of the actors, Quakers, pretty Quakeresses, philanthropists, canes, hats, and parasols. One of the aldermen exhibited (mistaking the scene for a fair) a silver snuff-box for his own use and that of the Court, which now and then took a pinch. The friends of the slave considering the audience not sufficiently select, wisely kept him at home in the Tombs, but in his absence, the greatest curiosity was the door-keeper, who took the tickets. His neck and head were enveloped in an immense handkerchief, of red sunset hue, so that he was obliged to pull himself out of his chair, by the end of it, before he could open the door. He would pass in a crowd for the keeper of a museum, with a copper-head snake around his neck, for exhibition. If he did not catch cold, he caught the eye of everybody. The crowd was so great that nobody, at last, but a member of the bar was admitted, but the difficulty was obviated by the "knowing ones," who went to the library, procured a law-book for John Smith, in the Common Pleas, or borrowed a bundle of papers, and passed in, without a ticket or a murmur. Loafers would do well to remember this, hereafter.

At about 11 o'clock the Court sneezed, much to the astonishment of the "dark-eyed ones," whereupon Mr. Jay arose and commenced the reading of a brief, which proved to be anything but brief. He argued that nobody but the agent or owner had a right to the boy, or rather his brief said so, but Mr. Blunt, from his puzzling questions, seemed to think Mr. Jay did not understand his own position very well. However, by the aid of Mr. White's prompting, he went through his lesson quite creditably. It did not prove an "eye opener," however, to the coloured portion of the audience, many of whom enjoyed a nap, and were nodding and bowing to each

other, as though they recognized old friends in their sleep.

Mr. Jay having concluded, and Mr. White having helped himself to some snuff, Mr. Blunt went through with his part of the performance. He commenced by puffing the Constitution, praising his own stock, (as if he was entered for a race,) and telling what a "deep sense of the responsibility," &c. he felt. He then entered upon the discussion, contending that the Captain, upon finding a slave secreted in his vessel, should carry him before the Mayor or Recorder, and receive a certificate, and deliver the slave to the owner. The sleepers were roused by his energy and eloquence, and at the conclusion a feeble applause was manifested, but an alderman looked towards the door so as to survey the room, and all the city, from Chamber street to the Battery, was quiet.

Mr. White followed, and such was his eloquence that a number of the friends of the slave expressed a wish to hear him preach, and were anxious to give him a call. It was a glorious, old-fashioned, able argument,—convincing, earnest, and powerful. He certainly made black appear white.

An unfortunate young man was caught in the act of appreciating the address, evinced by a slight lifting of the left leg, but before it was down again, Judge Edmonds ordered him to be brought up for contempt of court. As it was only the fault of Mr. White and his own leg, the court ordered him to show cause, but not his leg, this morning, why he should not be proceeded against, otherwise he would have been committed immediately.

Excuse for Dragging a Man into Slavery.—Some craven spirits among us pretend to justify Capt. Buckley for attempting to drag a fellow-man into Slavery, on the ground that he is liable to be sent to the Penitentiary of Georgia for bringing the slave away. Admitting this to be true, who that has a *soul* would not sooner go to prison than enslave a human being? Mr. White, however, showed clearly enough, in his argument yesterday, that the law of Georgia could apply only in cases where the slave is feloniously abducted, and not to a case in which the captain had no knowledge of the slave's concealment in his vessel. But even if this were otherwise, and Georgia were mean enough to send him to the Penitentiary for such an offence, he can easily avoid all danger by keeping out of the State. This may subject him to inconveniences—it may be to pecuniary loss; but is that a justification for reducing a man to Slavery?—*Tribune.*

"Honour to whom honour" by all means. Let the blood hound policemen have all the credit that belongs to them.

Second Ward Police.—We find by the following, which is perfectly authentic, that the reporters generally fell into the error below corrected:

To the editors of the True Sun—Gents: A paragraph which appeared in your paper of to-day, in speaking of the arrest of the fugitive slave, gives credit to an officer to whom it should not, and does not give it where it is really deserved. He was not re-arrested by Messrs. Bloom and Boyle, as is stated, their statement to the contrary, notwithstanding.

When the box came out of the house, it was first observed by Captain F. Gilmore, who was on guard-duty around the suspected building. He stated his suspicions to the men under him, and the box was followed to Park Row by officers Corey and Baisley, of the Second Ward Police, and the slave was taken out of the box by Messrs. Corey and Bloom, and Messrs. Gilmore, Baisley, and Boyle, merely assisted in keeping the crowd from rushing on to the prisoner. We do not call your attention to these facts for the mere sake of empty praise, but that we wish to see granted

HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR IS DUE.

Judge Edmonds, it is understood, will give his opinion this forenoon in the case of the fugitive slave. If the boy is set free, will Mayor Mickle again turn out his police gang to hunt the poor fellow on some new pretence? We shall see. It is just possible that this game of slave-catching may be carried one step farther than even New-York will bear.—*Tribune.*

Hear the Express. The charge against the coloured clergymen we have no doubt is false in every instance, as we know it is in some:

Excitement about the Slave.—There was a very large concourse of coloured people assembled around the City Hall, yesterday afternoon. On Sunday last, we are informed, the coloured preachers of the city gave out to their several congregations that it was their duty to rescue, at all hazards, their unfortunate brother, George Kirk, the imprisoned slave. The object of the crowd was to comply with this request, if possible, but the slave had not been taken from the Tombs, and, as it turned out, they were disappointed.

The entire police force of the city was present on the occasion. Some of the officers happened to notice, in the crowd of coloured people, a certain individual who drew a knife upon one of the officers in the affray of Saturday, and he was arrested. While being taken to the Tombs, a portion of the mob thought him to be the slave, and they made a desperate effort to rescue him. A regular battle followed, but no bones were broken. Five of the principal ringleaders of the mob were arrested and committed for further examination. Among them was a solitary Dutchman, who seemed perfectly astonished to find himself in the clutches of the law.

Messrs. White, McKeon, and Jay, are entitled to the thanks of every friend of Justice and Humanity for their noble efforts to rescue the slave boy, George Kirk, from the heartless gripe of those who are prostituting the forms of law to the unholy purpose of sending him back to interminable bondage. Mr. Jay has proved himself as sound in head as he is in heart, and the arguments of Messrs. White and McKeon were both impressive and eloquent. How the counsel on the other side contrive to keep on good terms with their consciences is more than we know; we can only say that, if we were a lawyer, we would sooner remain forever "briefless"—nay, we would sooner starve, than wag our tongue in the service of the slave-catcher.—*Tribune.*

Communications.

Cambridge, October 20th, 1846.

David L. Child, Esq. Northampton:

Dear Sir:—I believe I am not mistaken in attributing a series of articles in the Anti-Slavery Standard, on the Mexican war, to you, and I know you to be so true a searcher after truth as to be unwilling to let any error of fact pass uncorrected. You attribute certain actions in Cincinnati, in 1835 and 1836, to one Read, whom you erroneously suppose to have been United States District Attorney. Nathaniel C. Reed—the man in question—was guilty of all the baseness you attribute to him, but he was only Prosecuting Attorney for the county, a State officer, and held his office by election of the people. He has since been raised to the dignity of Judge of the Common Pleas, and finally of the Supreme Court of Ohio. As far as regards him, therefore, the General Government were not guilty. But it is true that arms were taken from the State Arsenal, under the nominal care of Maj. Gen. R. T. Lytle, who was also Surveyor General of United States lands, for that district. Recruiting was carried on as openly for the Texan service, as for that of the United States, and I saw a company of "*emigrants*," as Mr. Webster calls them in his Bocanegra letter, in military uniform, fully armed, (even to the "*tomakawks and scalping knives*," which were recommended by the Texan authorities, as desirable adjuncts to the accoutrements of an "emigrant,") on the hurricane deck of the steamer Farmer, taking their departure for the Paradise of the Bowie knife. A single incident more will show the "quo animo" of this Texas movement. At the time of the Birney mob in Cincinnati, in 1836, a meeting of the mobites, held at a public hall, at four, P. M. appointed a committee to ascertain the residence of each member of the State Committee of the Anti Slavery Society, who were marked as special objects of vengeance, to be attended to next after the destruction of the Philanthropist press. This committee were instructed to report to a meeting of the "Friends of Texas," to be held that evening at the court-house. That assembly at the court-house marched from there to the Philanthropist office, and there the mob began. To silence all Anti-Slavery discussion was very important to the success of the Friends of Texas. I only intended to write a few lines, and with an apology for writing so much, I sign myself,

Yours, respectfully,

ESTES HOWE.

Mr. Howe will please to accept my thanks for the foregoing correction, and the facts which he has added.—D. L. C.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, NOV. 5, 1846.

The Slave Case.—The Fugitive Freed!

When our last number went to press, the supposed slave, George Kirk, was again in confinement. The effort to effect his escape the day before, by sending him out in a box, was unsuccessful, as we feared it would be, for it is not an easy matter to elude the vigilance of the New-York police, and with the whole force, as the Chief said, "on the *qui vive*," probably any attempt that might have been resorted to would have been defeated. But it was the only resource, as it was feared that either with or without authority, an attempt would be made to search the building. So manifestly illegal, however, was his capture, that Mr. McKeon—who appeared as his counsel, under the statute—when the case again came before Judge Edmonds under the second writ of *habeas corpus*, on Thursday evening, demanded to know in whose custody the boy was, and by what authority he was held. "Who," said Mr. McKeon, with great warmth, "who will dare to lay his hand upon that boy if he chooses to leave this hall this moment"! To which Mr. Brady,—the Mayor's attorney,—and Mr. Blunt, both replied, that they would. And we have no doubt that they would have kept their word.

This second writ of *habeas corpus* was served upon the Mayor. He, by his attorney, at first denied that the boy was in his custody, for they were not willing at once to acknowledge the outrage upon the rights of a citizen which had been perpetrated by his authority. Kirk, however, remained in the Mayor's custody, in the Tombs, Mr. Jay having shown by the affidavit of Dr. Hopper, that the Mayor acknowledged this to be the fact before, the writ was served. The case came up on Wednesday evening, and was opened by Mr. White in a most masterly argument. He was replied to by Mr. Blunt. The hearing was continued the next evening, Mr. Brady appearing for the Mayor, Mr. McKeon for the State, and Mr. White closing for the slave. It was contended by the two latter gentlemen, and by Mr. Jay, who merely stated however, on the previous day, the points of the arguments they relied upon, that the law of 1817 was repealed, and if it were not repealed, that it is unconstitutional; and in either case that it is null and void. This law of '17 gives to the captain of any vessel arriving in this port, finding a slave concealed on board, the power to seize such slave, and taking him before the Mayor or Recorder, to obtain a certificate authorizing his return to the port whence he sailed and where the fugitive had concealed himself. Under this law, the counsel for the captain, and the Mayor's attorney contended that Captain Buckley had a right to seize the boy, and if, on proof before the Mayor, it should appear that George Kirk was a fugitive slave, the Mayor was bound to grant a certificate for his removal. It was argued by Messrs. White and McKeon that the law was unconstitutional, because in the case of fugitive slaves, the States had no power to legislate, that power belonging to the Federal Government alone under the Constitution; and that even granting that there was concurrent power, that power ceased in the States the moment there was any legislation on the subject by Congress; and that Congress having passed the law of '93, which covers the whole ground, any law of this State relative to the recapture of fugitive slaves was therefore unconstitutional. They contended also, that the if law of '17 were constitutional, it had been repealed by the law of '40, which granted a trial by jury. These several positions were set forth in the clearest and most forcible manner, by Messrs. White and McKeon in speeches of the most irresistible logical power, and fervid eloquence. The pleas of the opposite counsel were as weak as their cause was bad, but what they wanted in argument they made up in appeals to popular pro-slavery prejudice. They contended that the law of '17 was constitutional, and had not been repealed; that it was to have, and had the force of a police regulation, and could not therefore conflict with the law of Congress of '93 in relation to fugitives, or with the statute of '40 of New-York, granting a trial by jury. Neither of the gentlemen retained as counsel for Kirk, except Mr. Jay, are, or profess to be Abolitionists, but in this case, it is due to both Messrs. McKeon and White to say, that while they used all the powers of their great intellects, and the stores of their great legal knowledge to procure justice for their client, they at the same time proved that they felt an interest in the cause which did them honour as men. And we trust that we do not render ourselves liable to an action for libel, when we say that the opposing counsel, Messrs. Blunt and Brady, showed themselves also most worthy advocates of the cause they espoused, and that the whole New-York bar cannot probably produce two other men so eminently worthy of all the patronage which slaveholders and the sincerest lovers of the various peculiarities of slavery can give them.

A decision was not had from Judge Edmonds till Saturday morning. It was in favour of the claimant for his freedom, and is a document worthy of him as a man, and a magistrate. We shall lay it before our readers next week. It settles the question, so far as this Court is concerned, of the unconstitutionality of the law of '17, and that no man can be taken in a free State as a slave except by his master, or agent, or attorney. The boy, however, was not yet free. An action had been brought against him for assault and battery, by the mate for injuries received when Captain Buckley and his officers were endeavouring to secure him and put him in irons! The Mayor demanded bail in the sum of one thousand dollars! A reduction of this exorbitant bail was asked, and a hearing was to be had before the Mayor immediately after the decision of the Judge. A proposition, however, was made by Mr. Blunt on the part of his clients, that all proceedings against Kirk should be stopped, providing that those against the Captain and mates for assault and battery, and kidnapping, and those against the police officers who arrested the boy a second time, should also be discontinued. Although heavy damages, we are confident, could have been secured, it was thought best of course to accept this proposition, as the freedom of the boy, and not the punishment of his persecutors was the object aimed at. Accordingly, an order was in a few moments given for his release, and George Kirk became by law a Freeman.

In the meantime a crowd had collected at the Tombs expecting his release, and when he appeared at the gateway, smiling and happy, the enthusiasm of the people was almost without bounds. He was hurried into a carriage, and, accompanied by Elias Smith, and Dr. Josiah Hopper, went rapidly on his way to a safer place than we had reason to fear New-York would be for him. The Chief of Police, who, much to his credit, seemed now as anxious to serve the cause of freedom as he had before shown himself willing to act as the servant of prostituted authority to reduce the boy to bondage, sent with him two policemen who went as far as their services were likely to be necessary. The crowd followed the carriage a considerable distance and returned then to the Tombs and gave a round of hearty and deafening cheers. They proceeded then to the City Hall and greeted Judge Edmonds in the same manner, and afterward honoured our office with a like salute.

We have occupied much of this number of our paper with articles from several of the city papers of the past week. We do not publish all that has been said, but enough to acquaint our readers with the tone of the press. That so little has been said when the whole population of the city were excited in various degrees, and on both sides, is in itself a favourable omen. But a very few years ago, and public sentiment would have been strongly against us, and the press would have been its faithful echo. A little while hence in another such case, it will be the voice of strong popular indignation. It is, we trust, a settled question that in New-York a fugitive slave, *except when claimed by his master*, is a freeman. We are thankful for all we can get. When the Union is dissolved a fugitive slave will be safe here *at any rate*, and *not before*.

The past week has been one of unwearied labour and intense anxiety to many of us. But to no one is the credit of the successful event more justly due than to Mr. Jay. His services as a lawyer have been entirely gratuitous, his whole time has been given to the case, and by his legal knowledge, and indefatigable exertions a result has been brought about which we should not have dared to hope for without him, and which we should not probably have accomplished even with the other able counsel alone that were retained.

Goodell on the Constitution.

[Concluded.]

We have finished our notice of all that Mr. Goodell urges under the head of strict construction, and now pass to that part of his book in which he tries to discover the meaning of the Constitution from the "prevailing spirit" of the instrument.

The first point insisted on is the preamble, which states the Constitution to have been "ordained in order to establish justice and secure the blessings of liberty," &c.

"Liberty and Justice" are very changeable terms, and take their tone from the lips which utter them. Mr. Goodell thinks them so clear and unmistakeable, as to include, everywhere, the idea of emancipation and freedom. So do we, when they are properly used. But, unfortunately, men differ on this point. Liberty and justice to one man, mean aristocracy and an order of nobles,—to another, universal suffrage,—to one individual, property and equal laws,—to another, community of goods and Fourierism,—to a third, no marriage and a general scramble. Now, we shall find out what ideas the men of 1789 attached to these words, by consulting the Constitution itself, which they declare they ordain in order to secure *their ideas* of liberty and justice. The Constitution, therefore, is to give a definition to the preamble, not the preamble to force a meaning upon the Constitution.

Valuable as is the aid of contemporaneous interpretation, in helping us to understand some ambiguities in the Constitution, we are glad to have one more opportunity of agreeing with Mr. Goodell, in declaring our full and hearty assent to the following remarks of his on the common reference to the *intentions* of the *framers* of the Constitution:—(Page 83.)

"The design of the parties to a written agreement, is to be held quite distinct from the designs of the men employed to draw up the paper. And '*We, the people of the United States*,' who adopted the Constitution, and whose act and instrument it is, are not bound to concede that *our* design, in adopting and maintaining it, was, of necessity, identical with what *may* be proved to have been the design of the persons, or a *portion* of the persons, we employed to prepare it for us. What the Convention of 1787, or a portion of it, *intended to effect* by the Constitution, is not to be confounded with the designs, especially the paramount object of THE PEOPLE *who adopted it*. The objects of the Convention, or members of it, may deserve our attention, and their testimony to the spirit of their times, *may command respect*. But *their* intentions are *not* to be substituted for the intentions of THE PEOPLE, or confounded with them."

The second point made is as follows:—The English Common Law knows no slaves:—(Abundant evidence is adduced of this.)

The United States Constitution is moulded and fashioned on the model of the English Common Law:—(No proof, whatever, is given of this.)

Therefore, it is an Anti-Slavery instrument. The first point is beyond dispute, and the syllogism would be an excellent one if the second assertion could be maintained. As the only evidence produced is an assertion of Mr. T. D. Weld, we shall postpone any criticism until some real proof is adduced.

We may, however, state in passing, that the doctrine laid down, generally in this connection, by several Liberty party debaters, that all acts of Parliament, contrary to reason and justice, are void, and that the Judges may treat them as such, is not law. This principle is generally sustained by disconnected quotations from Blackstone. His able commentator, Mr. Christian, long ago rejected the doctrine. He says, "If an act of Parliament should, like the edict of Herod, command all children under a certain age to be slain, the Judge ought to resign his office rather than be auxiliary to its execution; *but it could only be declared void by the same legislative power by which it was ordained.*" Blackstone, himself, on a subsequent page of his work, explains more definitely the general terms he had previously used. On the 91st page of his first volume, he says,—

"I know it is generally laid down more largely, that acts of Parliament, contrary to reason, are void. But if the Parliament will positively enact a thing to be done which is unreasonable, I know of no power, in the ordinary forms of the Constitution, that is vested with authority to control it; and the examples usually alleged in support of this sense of the rule do none of them prove, that, where the *main object* of a statute is unreasonable, the Judges are at liberty to reject it; for that were to set the judicial power above that of the Legislature, which would be subversive of all Government. * * * * * * If we could conceive it possible for the Parliament to enact that a man should try as well his own causes as those of other persons, there is no court that has power to defeat the intent of the Legislature, when couched in such evident and express words, as leave, no doubt whether it was the intent of the Legislature or not."

Chancellor Kent, also, of New-York, the highest living authority, though citing and praising the few old cases which sustain a different doctrine, concludes with Blackstone, thus:—

"When it is said in the books that a statute contrary to natural equity and reason, or repugnant or impossible to be performed, is void, the cases are understood to mean that the courts are to give the statute a reasonable construction. They will not readily presume, out of respect and duty to the lawgiver, that any very unjust or absurd consequence was within the contemplation of the law. *But if it should happen to be too palpable in its direction to admit of but one construction, there is no doubt in the English law, as to the binding efficacy of the statute.* The will of the Legislature is the supreme law of the land, and demands perfect obedience."—Kent's Comm. 1. 447.

He then goes on to point out the broad distinction between our Government and the English. There, as there exists no written Constitution, it might, with some plausibility, be maintained that the courts had a right to bring all laws to the test of those great principles of common sense and common justice, in which all mankind are agreed, and which form the only thing that can be called a foundation for British law. But *here* we have a specific, definite, limited, *written* Constitution. It contains ALL the principles which the people, the nation, have agreed shall form the foundation of our *national* law. The only test, therefore, to which our courts have any right to submit the action of the Legislature is, to ask, is it constitutional? if so, it is legally binding on them—no matter how unjust or how unreasonable it is. Such is the frame-work of Government under which we live. The perpetual mistake or attempt to mislead, on this point, will, we hope, justify this digression.

Section 3d is entitled, "Spirit of the Constitution" as attested by history and by eminent civilians and jurists."

We were aware that politicians had, ever since the Revolution, done up a great deal of Anti-Slavery *talk*: but as no one of the "civilians or jurists" of the country ever dreamed that the Constitution was an Anti-Slavery instrument, or denied the existence of the pro-slavery clauses, known to be contained in it, we were, we confess, surprised, though mindful of the besetting sin of Yankees, when we arrived at this section! It strikes us as the latest specimen of a drowning man catching at straws.

Mr. Goodell's next argument amounts to this. There is nothing in the Constitution forbidding Congress to abolish Slavery, *therefore*, it possesses the power. The use of such an argument struck us as extremely ungrateful in him toward that very respectable body, *the Amendments*, the perversion of some of which had done him such good service in securing for his book the only plausibility it can boast. The 10th Article of the Amendments expressly declares that,

"The powers not *delegated* to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are *reserved* to the States respectively, or to the people."—*Amendments, Article* X.

In the very teeth of this declaration, that ours is a *limited* Government, has no powers but those *granted* to it—and that all not *granted* are *reserved*; Mr. Goodell discourses thus:

"The absence of any restriction upon the Federal Government, of the ordinary, the universal power of all civil governments to abolish the Slavery existing within their territorial limits, is proof positive that no 'compromise' or 'guaranty' in favour of Slavery has been made. We now add that this circumstance furnishes proof that the Federal Government DOES possess power to abolish Slavery, and is *bound to* EXERCISE that power."—p. 119.

"No one *then* questioned the legitimate power of civil government in general, to abolish Slavery, and the exercise of that power to that end was the rising fashion of the day, in this country. Yet in forming a civil government with *supreme powers*, no restriction was even attempted to be made, upon the power of the Government in that direction. Of course, the power of the Government, in that particular, is the same with that of other governments!!!"—p. 113

"The Federal Constitution contains *no limitations* of the power of the Federal Government in the matter of Slavery. That Government, therefore, retains all the power over Slavery that any *other* civil governments hold. And consequently, even in the *absence* of such specific provisions as those we have considered—it would still be true that the Federal Government is amply competent to abolish Slavery."—p. 120.

"These delegations of power comprise a full description of the essential powers of a '*civil government*,' and the '*establishment of justice*' is declared to be the *end* of the whole. The *general powers* thus delegated to the United States, (aside from *specific* provisions,) are sufficient for the abolition of Slavery, unless it can be shown (which it cannot) that such a *particular exercise* of power is *prohibited* in the Constitution!!!!"—p. 120.

With such a specimen of construction, which considers powers as granted because they are not prohibited or even mentioned, it would be waste of time to contend. We believe the national Government, as the parchment asserts, to have no powers but such as are *granted* it, and as Mr. Goodell allows that this has not been *granted*, but only implied in the nature of all *other* Governments, our argument is at an end.

Under such a Government as ours, expressly declared to possess no powers but those *delegated*, one might as rightfully exercise a power, *expressly forbidden in the Constitution*, on the plea that it was necessarily implied in the very nature of all civil government, as claim one *not granted*, on such a plea.

Shortly after, he stumbles on the following passage from the "Madison Papers," relating to Article I, Section 2, of the Constitution:—

"On motion of Mr. Randolph, the word '*servitude*' was struck out, and '*service*' unanimously inserted—the former being thought to express the condition of slaves, and the latter the obligation of free persons."—Vol. 3, p. 1369.

And then Mr. Goodell reasons thus:—

"We have the testimony of Mr. Madison, then, *to the fact*, that Mr. Randolph and the *entire Convention*, without a dissenting voice, determined to frame Article I. Section 2, in such a manner that it SHOULD NOT be understood to 'express the condition of slaves,' but SHOULD be understood to 'express the obligation of FREE PERSONS!'"

Observe how readily, in spite of his correct principle as to the *intentions* of the *framers*, our disputant catches at anything in contemporaneous interpretation which seems to sustain his side! If, however, he had stopped to consider the whole article referred to, which reads thus:—

"Representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included within this Union, according to their respective numbers, which shall be determined by adding to the whole number of free persons, including those bound to *service* for a term of years, and excluding Indians not taxed, three-fifths of ALL OTHER persons," &c.—*United States Constitution, Art.* I, *Sec.* 2.

He would have seen that his quotation from Madison only strengthened our side. If they were so careful to describe those *bound to service for a term of years* as free persons, who were the OTHER persons? Being *other* than "free persons," and *other* than those "bound for a term of years," they must be the slaves.

The next subject considered is the legality of the State slave laws as compared with State constitutions—a point irrelevant, and one with which we have nothing now to do.

Mr. Goodell concludes with his general idea of "Constitutional Law." His principle is, that no Government can rightfully exist, in the sight of God, which does not possess the authority to put an end to such a wrong as Slavery. Hence, the American Constitution, rightly considered, does confer that power. We subjoin some extracts, lest our readers should think us exaggerating, or playing on their credulity, in asserting that so able a man as Mr. Goodell seriously argues that in human affairs a thing *is*, because it *ought* to be; that mankind *always do* what they *ought to do*. Certainly his argument, *in this connection*, can hardly be understood otherwise, since the question at issue is not what Constitution this nation ought to have made, or whether the actual one is binding on us, but what sort of one we have actually established. But to our extracts:

"All this would be true, even upon the supposition that any artificial compacts or written parchments, *could possibly* construct a civil government that should *be* a civil government, and yet *not* be vested with the power of securing inalienable human rights: a proposition we shall not stop to discuss in this place, though it may require attention elsewhere."—p. 120.

"A right in the Government, to wield power for the enslavement of any human being, is a right that, in the nature of things, can never exist."—p. 118.

"Does the pith and gist of the matter lie in the paper—the parchment? Or lies it in something beyond, or back of the parchment, or the paper? Have we found the *thing*, when we have found the parchment, the paper, or have we found only what purports to be a *statement*, a *description* of the thing itself?"—p. 146.

"What would be thought of the mathematician who should identify the sciences of arithmetic, or geometry, or algebra, *with his book*, his approved and highly *authoritative book* on those subjects? Who should never speak of "*arithmetic*" with any higher meaning to the word than *the book* he holds in his hands? But such a village pedagogue, could we find one, would well deserve a place beside the grave Senator, or the learned Judge of the Supreme Court, who has no higher meaning to the phrase, '*the Constitution of the United States*' than the written or printed parchment or paper, agreed upon, and drawn up by the Convention that assembled in 1787—forgetful that a *Constitution of Government*, like a theorem in algebra, or a fact in chemistry, or botany, or zoology, or astronomy, is a palpable, veritable, *existing fact*, whether any books or papers have described them correctly, or undertaken to describe them at all."—p. 148.

"The Federal Convention, and 'we the people of the United States' could no more *make* a Constitution of civil government, out of a cloth of our own fabric, and upon any principles that might suit our own selfishness or caprice—a Constitution that should be *valid* and *binding*, than Dr. Combe, and an university of physiologists could *make*, at their own whim or pleasure, a constitution of the human body, that should be binding upon all the anatomists and surgeons of a nation, or on all who should have occasion to contract their muscles, and move their limbs! In both cases, it is *God* who has *made* the constitutions."—p. 152.

"To the case in hand. Human beings can no more construct a civil government, with binding authority over human beings, yet without the power to 'execute judgment between a man and his neighbour,' than they can construct a globe without the quality of roundness, or a cube without its six sides."—p. 154.

"*A Constitution of civil government, therefore, that tolerates Slavery, is an absurdity that cannot exist.*"—p. 155.

"Man may discover, but cannot create law."—p. 153.

The reader will notice in these quotations the evidence of that, the clergyman's frequent error, (to which we have before adverted,) of deceiving oneself with the ambiguity concealed under the word "law:" law, for instance, in its first, broad meaning, standing for the rule which God and nature point out and sanction as proper and rightful;—and *law*, secondly, the rule, which certain individuals, constituting the majority, have arranged shall be the settled plan of *their* society. *All the principles, which we have quoted above from Mr. Goodell, would be apposite and in place, if we were discussing the question whether a wicked Constitution was binding on the citizen or whether the individual would be justified in supporting it.* But we understand him to be seeking now to find out, not the duty of individuals in relation to wicked laws, not what sort of a Constitution the American people *ought* to have framed, but what sort of one they have *actually tried to set up*. When we ask for their *actions*, Mr. Goodell tells us what their *duties* were. Alas, he is too orthodox not to know that evidence of what a man *ought* to have done, goes but very little way to shew what he *actually has done*.

It is a very plausible theory, and may be a very sound one, that no Government can, in the eye of God, rightfully exist without possessing the power to execute justice between man and man. Every one is at liberty to adopt it, if it strikes him favourably. But whether the American people have or have not *tried* to set up a Government without granting it that power, is a totally different question: a question of fact not of theory. And unfortunately men so often do what they have no right to do, that it will require no overwhelming amount of evidence to convince us that the American people have been treading in this broad and popular path.

To assume that all *rightful Governments* have necessarily certain powers, and then argue that a particular human, *man-made, Government*, which is by no means necessarily a rightful one, does possess those powers, because it ought to possess them, is surely an easy method of proof, but unfortunately, not a very convincing one.

The whole of the last quarter of Mr. Goodell's book is excellent to convince a candid man that he ought not to support the actual Constitution of the United States, but it seems to us utterly out of place in an argument purporting to shew what that Constitution actually is.—

And so we say farewell to Mr. Goodell.—P.

The *Chronotype* of week before last published the "Streak Letter," accompanied by an article which it is pleased to denominate as one of "some little historical interest." We intended to notice it last week, but were so fully occupied with the case of George Kirk, that we had little time for anything else.

As a fortnight, however, has elapsed, and the elections are about over, we hardly deem it worth while to say more upon this subject at present; else might we also write an article in reply to the Chronotype which would be of no "little historical interest" to some of our readers, especially those who have of late years become connected with the cause, and are comparatively ignorant of the transactions which led to the division in '40. Mr. Wright's historical reminiscences, and our historical facts, would be found to differ very essentially. Enough, however, has been said for the present. We never care to talk of these matters without a good reason, though as it happens, we were led to it this time, by the Chronotype's own sensitiveness. That paper has published the "Streak Letter," which is more than we hoped for, and there is "historical interest" enough in that to satisfy us that we have done some service in bringing it before a new class of readers. Our astute neighbour of the (Hartford) *Charter Oak* has discovered that the time we choose to bring up these matters is just before the fall elections. So long as any necessity exists of saying anything at all, we can assure the editor of that paper, that we shall speak, as it has been before said in relation to this subject, when we are most sure of an attentive audience. It may seem to him and to his brother of the Chronotype, like tormenting them before their time has come, but they may be certain we shall continue to torment so long as they continue to cry out. When "new organizationists" learn to be patient, we shall think they are beginning to learn to be penitent. And when they grow penitent, it will be time enough for us to forget, except as a matter of history, the following prophetic words of Elizur Wright, written too, in the very year when, as he says in the article in the Chronotype, he warned Mr. Garrison that in giving up political action, he gave up the cause. It is unfortunate for Mr. Wright that he used to write reports and letters, and edit newspapers. His articles of "historical interest," were it not for that circumstance, would have the slight advantage of not being contradicted by his own historical documents. The point he would prove in this last article, is, that the political action of the early days of the cause, and the formation of a third political party, were one and the same thing, and that in advocating the former he was naturally and necessarily creating the last, and that here is the whole story of new organization. Now read what he said in '37 of political action and a third party: "*It is to be expected that some* POLITICAL WOLVES *will put on the clothing of abolitionism, and seek to elevate themselves and manage the* Anti-Slavery organization, to secure their own purposes. *But they ought to be met on the threshhold, and* stripped of their disguise. The best safeguard against their entrance, is for Abolitionists, while they firmly refuse to vote for a man who will not support abolition measures, to avoid setting up candidates of their own." Now this is Elizur Wright's notion of *political action* up to August, '39, but six weeks afterward, the "Streak Letter" accidentally comes to light, and herein we learn the necessity to the new organizationists who would "throw Garrison overboard," and all his friends—of a *third party*. But we have said more than we meant to, now. The *Charter Oak* may look for a fuller article about the time of the next fall elections.

Negroes beware of Mock Abolitionists!

The editor of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*—who sees everything through a coloured medium—has paid Yankee Doodle the very highest compliment he has yet received. When lunatics and fools chatter and make mouths, it is a pretty sure sign that the overseer has been among them with the whip; and Yankee need never desire any better evidence that he has faithfully done his duty than the wailings of the delinquents he has whaled. Had that focus of fanaticism, the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, found aught about Yankee Doodle worthy of its approbation, he would have distrusted himself forever.

According to the best authenticated popular superstitions, there never was a pot of gold buried in the earth, but a gentleman with horns and hoofs was set to keep watch over it. Nor is this superstition without meaning, could you fathom it, deeper than Kidd's money was ever buried. Many bright and golden dreams—dreams which the future will transmute to reality—lie hidden deep in the heart of society: but so guarded with foul and unseemly spirits that the beauty-loving, deformity-hating world, has not yet had courage to approach them. Of these dreams is the abolition of Slavery—pre-eminent amongst these evil spirits is the *Anti-Slavery Standard*. Yankee Doodle loves the dream but cannot abide the nightmare that bestrides it.—*Yankee Doodle.*

We will not retort—Yankees beware of a mock Yankee Doodle—for the Yankee Doodle that wrote the above is no sham. He is a true representative of one class of his countrymen, and we were too hasty a week or two ago in denying him all credit except that of the choice of his name. See how aptly he chooses his figures. To act as "an overseer with a whip," is an office which comes as naturally to Yankee Doodle as chewing tobacco. The "lunatics and fools" he has been "whaling," are the coloured people, and not us, though we spoke in their behalf; and what sport is there that Yankee loves better than "whipping niggers"? Then, too, what a braggart is he,—and that is true Yankee.

If we understand the last paragraph, it means that the abolition of Slavery is a pot of gold which Yankee Doodle would dig up if it were not for the devil of a Standard. Now, is n't it a libel upon Yankee to say that there ever was the devil yet that could keep him from a pot of gold that was to be had for the digging? He will be ready to abolish Slavery when he can make money by it, true enough.

But here is another article from the same number of this genuine Yankee Doodle. How true to nature is the brag! The loudest caricature of stump-speeching is nothing to it. And how truly Yankee is it to strut and bluster under the "fustian flag" that

"waves,
In splendid mockery o'er a land of slaves."

POP-GUN PHILANTHROPY.

While the American army, under the lead of a gallant soldier, is steadily marching against the breast-work of Monterey; while, with the admiration of the world, the brave privates are encountering death as a familiar friend, and officers falling thickly in the front of battle: while every true heart in the whole Union beats proudly at this new show of valour on the part of the tried blood of his country—the observer, whose eye is keen enough for the minutest of all human objects, may discern a little potato pellet shot from a quill, flying the Atlantic, to be caught by a British journalist and thrown back in our faces. It is certainly a brave, magnanimous, heroic employment, for an American writer to be desecrating the dialect which is supposed to be the property of Yankee in his best estate, to announce to the world the important fact that J. Russell Lowell thinks of the American Standard.—

"That ere flag's a leetle rotten,
Hope it ain't your Sunday's best;
Fact! it takes a sight of cotton,
To stuff out a soger's chest."

If such a personage as the writer of these verses, is to pass for an American poet, Yankee is inclined to think his chest must be basted with chaff, and we are not surprised that at the close of his elegiac he demands,

"Call me coward, call me traitor,
Jist as suits your mean ideas—
Here I stand a tyrant-hater,
And the friend of God and Peace."

Were it not for profanity, we should say God and Peace ought to be proud of that!

It may be some comfort to Mr. Lowell's friends, should they take all this much to heart, to remember that it was probably written by Cornelius Mathews. Everybody must recognize in the first part of the article, the true poetic fire, and in all of it the spirit of a true poet.

This Yankee Doodle evidently can only represent the American character in one way. But he might at least try not to be stupid. That is not often the fault, even of the sort of Yankee whose picture is painted for us here. Your woman-whipping, bowie-knifed, swaggering braggart of a Republican, is at least not dull, if you can forget his wickedness long enough to be amused by him.

☞ We owe an apology to our Rhode Island friends for the delay in the appearance of the notice of their annual meeting. It was accidentally mislaid, and forgotten till this week.

A Bon Mot.—A friend asked, "What is a bon mot?" A bystander answered, "Lucretia."

☞ The man who is in the habit of stealing the *Boston Courier* from this office will oblige the editor by lending him the last number.

☞ The Postmaster at—we suppose—Huron, Ohio, will accept our thanks for preventing our paper from going where it could be of little service. He endorses on a returned number, directed to "Huron Centre, O.": "No Huron Centre office this side of Hell"!

Election Returns.—We go to press too early to give any further election returns than the following: The city has given about five thousand Democratic majority. The River counties, as far as heard from, show a Whig gain, sufficient, it is thought, to carry the State.

We were in error last week in giving the name of Lewis only to the man who first gave information that the coloured boy Kirk was confined on board the "Mobile." His name is Lewis Napoleon.

From our Boston Correspondent.

No. VIII.

"Scaring up" a Subject—Weymouth Fair—Drive to Weymouth—Old Roads Commended—The Neck—Boston made to be Besieged—The British Lines—Demolished by Francis Jackson—American Lines—Milton Hill—Governor Hutchinson's House—Governor Belcher's—Quincy Railway—Residence of John Quincy Adams—Once a Loyalist Mansion—Bought by John Adams, when abroad—Mount Wollaston, Merry Mount, Morton, and Standish—Penn's Hill, and the houses in which the two Adams's were born—The Fair at Weymouth—Tea-party in Evening—Speeches, Songs, and Music—Success of the whole affair—Obstacles to be met—Pro-Slavery Piety the Chiefest—Nomination of Mr. Sumner for Congress, &c. &c. &c.

Boston, October 30th, 1846.

Perhaps you have not observed that a rather longer time has elapsed since I wrote to you last, than usual. But the fact was, nothing *would* happen, and as I have a prejudice in favour of having something to say when I undertake to say anything, I have delayed writing, in hopes that some topic might be "scared up," as our friend Pillsbury says James K. Polk was from among the cane-brakes of Tennessee. But as this kind of game seems to be very shy in these parts, I will even give you some account of my visit to Weymouth, to attend the Anti-Slavery Fair and Tea-party there, not long since.

It is not an uninteresting drive from Boston to Weymouth, especially if you have the good taste to prefer the good old road, that was near enough for our ancestors, in that world before turnpikes and tolls, in which they lived. It is a few miles farther, to be sure, but what of that? If one has neither love nor money to make, at the end of an excursion of ten miles, it is certainly the wisest course to take the road that winds through a country of some natural beauty and historical interest, rather than plod over a prosaic straight line, merely because it can be demonstrated to be the nearest way between two points.

As you drive over the Neck, you may well marvel, if a stranger, at the name which its sponsors have given to this fine avenue, or else infer that Boston has a neck of the most unparalleled thickness,—for on both sides of you, you see one continuous expanse of land. But within my memory, and I am not the oldest inhabitant yet, I have seen the water dashing up against either side of the road, then but a few yards broad. Till within five-and-twenty years, the Neck was literally an isthmus, connecting the peninsular town of Boston with the continent. The erection of "the milldam," about the year 1820, rescued hundreds of ac

mer times, and not a trace remain of the first struggle of the Revolution. Perhaps it is best that such should be the fate of these monuments of a bloody strife, which only exchanged the rule of King Log for that of King Stork,—of the British Parliament for the Southern slaveocracy,—but I see no harm in preserving mementoes of celebrated events in history, even if their character was not of the highest tone, nor their influence of the happiest nature.

After a delightful drive through the pleasant villages and farms adjoined" to the city, you ascend Milton Hill. Though it is a "hill of difficulty," you are well rewarded by the splendid prospect you have from its summit. On your right hand, is the seat of Governor Hutchinson,—his best beloved home. It was said that "he died of Milton Hill"! And it may well have been that, in his homesick disappointed exile, his thoughts turned bitterly to the trees that he had planted, under whose shade he hoped that his declining years would have gone down in peace. The view from Milton Hill is perfectly magnificent,—a winding river, tufted meadows, villages, spires, and in the distance, the ocean dotted with islands, and its blue expanse broken by a thousand gliding sails.

At the foot of the Hill, on the farther side, is the seat of Jonathan Belcher, one of the royal Governors of Massachusetts Bay, something more than a century ago. The house is placed with the care, so often displayed at that time, in the lowest possible position, where every possibility of prospect is cut off, with what looks like a studied self-denial. His Excellency certainly did not show as much taste as his successor, in planting himself under the shadow of such a hill, when the side was all before him where to choose.

Crossing the Quincy Railway, which is remarkable only as having been the first one built in this country, and a great lion in its time, you soon come to the house of John Quincy Adams, which he inherited from his father, President John Adams. It is a structure of very respectable pretensions to antiquity in this suckling country of ours, being certainly a century old. Its exact age is not known. It is too near the road, and the stables and gardener's house are too near it, to be in the best taste; but it has very much the look of a gentleman's house, and has a very comfortable, old-fashioned air about it. The chamber on your right, as you look towards the house, is Mr. Adams's library, one of the best private collections in the country, and it was in that room that his father died.

This house was, in old times, the residence of one of the old pre-revolutionary aristocracy—one of the Vassalls, I think, and the elder Adams, when a poor boy, had been accustomed to look upon it as a palace of dainty delights, and when he built himself a castle in the air, this was the shape it took. Long years after, when he was ambassador at some of the courts of Europe, he heard that this estate was for sale; being one of those to which the State helped itself, if I remember aright, under the phrase of confiscation; and he sent home orders to have it purchased for him. At the end of his European pilgrimage he came to his new home, and he found that its dimensions had sadly shrunk, and its importance diminished, when he looked at it with eyes that had fed upon the magnificence of the old world. However, he enlarged it, and there set up the staff of his rest, or of his surest, during the remainder of his brilliant, though not untroubled, life.

Casting your eyes sea-ward, as you pass on towards the village of Quincy, you can scarcely help remarking a hill, bare, with the exception of a single tree. That is Mount Wollaston, the Merry Mount of the roysterer Morton, who was dislodged by the stalwart Captain Miles Standish, and sent to the right-about, with all his rabble-rout. Master Morton certainly had a good eye for natural beauty, for it is a charming spot, and when surrounded by aboriginal forests, it might have served Comus himself for the scene of his masquings and revelries. This hill is the property of Mr. Adams, having descended to him from his ancestor, John Quincy, from whom he takes his name.

Passing through the village, and taking the old road to Weymouth, at the foot of Penn's Hill, stands two old farm-houses—small—with their roofs sloping towards the ground, in the good old New England fashion. They stand very near together, and in a very odd angle in relation to each other. There is not much to attract the eye of the passer-by, and yet they are memorable places both. For in the one John Adams, and in the other his son, was born. Here it was that Mrs. "Portia" lived during the early years of the Revolution, and from whence her letters were written to her husband in those times that tried women's souls even more than men's. It was on Penn's hill, which you have next to climb, that she listened to the distant roar of the cannonade at Bunker's Hill. It was from this house that John Quincy Adams set forth, at ten years old, to take ship in Nantasket roads, to join his father in Europe, and it was to this that he returned when recalled by his father, after the election of Jefferson.

But I must make haste and get to Weymouth. On arriving at that pleasant village, I found that the Anti-Slavery women of the town had been holding their annual Fair for two or three days. The hall in which it was held was plentifully decorated with evergreens, and it was well supplied with elegant wares for sale. The sales, however, were suspended for the purpose of re-arranging the hall for the tea-party which was to be held in the evening. This festivity passed off with great success. The tables were filled to overflowing and groaned under the weight of good things.

The Rev. Mr. Dennis presided excellently well, and introduced the after-supper speeches with some well-judged, and well-enforced remarks. He was followed by Edmund Quincy, by the Rev. John L. Russell, of South Hingham, and by Wendell Phillips. These speeches were listened to with marked attention, and seemed to make a serious impression. Mr. Phillips spoke for about an hour, in his happiest manner, exposing the nationalguilt in regard to Slavery, and the participation of all in it, who sustain the Constitution of the United States. Anti-Slavery songs, and excellent music from the Weymouth band, gave zest and variety to the entertainment.

At a late hour the company broke up, and the results of the effort exceeded the expectations of those who had made it. In Weymouth, as in most other towns, genuine Anti-Slavery has a host of enemies to contend with. And there, as elsewhere, the most hostile influence is that which claims to be, by way of eminence, *the* religious influence. Success, therefore, is doubly gratifying as it is a triumph over pro-slavery piety, the deadliest enemy to the Anti-Slavery cause, because the wiliest and the best disguised. And the satisfaction of success is doubled by the consciousness that no part of it has been purchased by any testimony withheld, or any unworthy compliances with the pro-slavery spirit, which is ever seeking Anti-Slavery countenance for its wickedness.

Nothing of particular moment has occurred in Boston, since I wrote last, excepting the nomination of Mr. Sumner, as an independent candidate, to run against Mr. Winthrop. I was not able to attend the meeting which nominated him; but it seems to have been a good one. I am glad that the Young Whigs have taken this step, which seems to have given great umbrage to their Fathers in Israel, and with reason good, for a *crack* is pretty sure to come to a *split*, and here is a pretty wide one. I only hope that by next year the Young Whigs will see that it is quite as bad a business for a Governor to volunteer to beat up for volunteers, as for a member of Congress to vote the supplies for them. At least, as Corporal Nym says, "it will go nigh to be thought so!"

D. Y.

Letter from Philadelphia—From an Occasional Correspondent.

The Unitarian Convention met in our city last week. The first that has ever been held here, though the Unitarian Church, of this place, is the oldest one of that denomination in this country, dating its formation half a century ago, in the time of Vaughn and Priestly—honoured names in philanthropy and science. The Convention was organized on the evening of the 20th instant, by the appointment of Dr. F. Parkman, of Boston, as President. On Thursday morning the following resolution, the first of a series, was taken up. "Resolved, That in holding our first Convention in the city of William Penn, we would express our respect for his Christian character and services, our sympathy with his humane and spiritual views, and our earnest hopes that they may have increasing power over the minds of Christian people and the policy of Christian nations." An interesting discussion followed on the principles and character of the early Quakers—the "high, deep, and broad views" they took of spiritual truths and moral duties—their doctrine of the "inward light"—to which "modern Transcendentalism gives an Academic form;" their estimation of the Bible as the "dial" requiring the illumination of Truth, not *the* Truth itself. The speakers dwelt on the great moral principles inculcated by the early Quakers; the "testimonies" of Fox, Penn, Barclay, and Woolman, against intemperance, war, and Slavery. Some of them took the ground that to attain a clear spiritual vision, and to manifest piety to God by prayer and penitence, "was the chief end of man." Others believed that forming correct principles and practicing them, manifesting love to God by love to man—was the "greatest good." Rev. Mr. Mussey, of Cambridge, urged a speaking-out of our feelings on all moral questions. Rev. Mr. Bellows, of your city, in a somewhat *excited* speech, commented on the reformers of the day. Exaggeration on all subjects was easy. To be extravagant and abusive the fashion. Martyrdom was now for moderation. He had attended an abolition meeting, in New-York, and was shocked to hear the "ribaldry and nonsense," the "oaths and curses" which were uttered in the most bland and winning tones, and in the gentlest manner! (Where was the violence, where the bitterness? Does not one-half of his speech eat up the other?) To this charge the true-hearted James Freeman Clarke, of Boston, replied with much ability. In the course of his remarks, he mentioned that Dr. Channing, conversing once with Samuel J. May, complained of the harshness and severity of the language of Abolitionists. The latter remarked that men must work with the tools which they possessed—urged the exciting nature of the subject—"on such a theme 't were impious to be calm." "If they are too violent, it is your fault, Dr. Channing." "How?" "If you had done your duty the work would not have been left for these men to do." After a long pause, Dr. C. said, "you are right"—and from that time forth he gave his heart and head to the cause.

By the way, have you ever noticed that many of those who are the loudest in their ecmplaints of Abolitionists, on this point, are not those of the gentle spirit of S. J. May, but those who manifest the very spirit they condemn. In the evening an excellent sermon, from the text, "Nevertheless we look for a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth *righteousness*," was preached by the Rev. Mr. Hedge, of Bangor, an urgent appeal to *work* for the accomplishment of the prophecy. On Thursday morning a resolution on the duties of Christians being under discussion, the pastor of the church, in this city, Rev. Wm. H. Furness, had the temerity "to log in the woman question," by stating that there was present a member of that society, whose principles were so highly honoured by the Convention; he would, therefore, move that Mrs. Lucretia Mott be invited to take a seat with them as a member of the Convention! The question was put, and the President announced that she was unanimously elected a member, and very handsomely invited her to take part in their deliberations, if *moved* so to do.

The vote was unanimous—if one may be said to be so where all did not vote. As far, however, as I could judge most of the members did vote. The debate continued. After some remarks by the Rev. Mr. Elliott, of Missouri, and Rev. Mr. Hedge, Mrs. Mott rose, and with most admirable self-possession and elegance, with calmness and great dignity—such as you have often witnessed—she urged the necessity of *so* speaking, that we should be understood, that opinions should be expressed in plain and direct language, even though it brought upon us the charges of heresy and infidelity; the phraseology often used by theologians, was of doubtful meaning, and calculated to obscure the simple truths of Christianity. She then gave, in a lucid and forcible manner, her views of the requirements of Christianity; that in this day, as eighteen hundred years ago, its mission was to break *every yoke*. She plead for the slave—appealed to those present to make the inquiry, if while their sympathies went out to the poor widow, who, in India, was immolated on the funeral pyre of her husband, they did not immolate woman on their own altar, by the monopoly of the pulpit. The whole was a most admirable exposition of her views on the moral questions of the day, the condition of the Church, its ordinances, and the relation of ministers to their congregations.

She was listened to with the most profound attention. It was evident that it was a great gratification to all—if only of their curiosity, to hear the woman of whom Dr. Channing said, when speaking of the burning of Pennsylvania Hall: "In that crowd was Lucretia Mott, that beautiful example of womanhood. Who, that has heard the tones of her voice, and looked on the mild radiance of her benign and intelligent countenance, can endure the thought that such a woman was driven by a mob from the spot to which she had gone, as she religiously believed, on a mission of Christian sympathy?" And you who know her so well in private, can testify that this is not exaggerated praise. Dr. Parkman, the President, when speaking of the great pleasure and improvement they had derived from being together, made a beautiful allusion to Mrs. Mott, saying they had been favoured with the ministration of one, whom, doubtless, had she lived in former days, St. Paul would have included among the "honourable women," "fellow-labourers with him in the Gospel," and hearing whom, would induce many to question him as to his meaning, when forbidding women to speak in the Church. Certainly, this has been an infringement on established usages, and one which, probably, no other society would have ventured to make; yet in this, as in many "other things," it is the first step that costs. Rev. Dr. Gannett, of Boston, the successor of Channing, followed Mrs. Mott, and with equal earnestness and great eloquence, urged the importance of cultivating a devout spirit. Unitarianism had three distinguishing properties, rationality, philanthropy, and devotion. In the first two were they not established? Were they so in devotion? alas! no. For himself his highest aim—his constant effort was "to love God." He spoke of the "Evangelical League," and in terms which would not have discredited the most "violent Abolitionist." I cannot recollect the exact language, but it was exceedingly "*denunciatory*," though he did not specify for what he considered it so *vile*. Yet with all this wickedness there was one glorious trait, one bright feature, which almost redeemed it in his eyes—it was the *spirit of prayer which was so abundantly in their midst, and was so continually manifested!*

I must not omit to mention that on Wednesday afternoon, the clerical and lay delegates partook of a collation at the Assembly Buildings, in that beautiful saloon engaged for our fair. Upwards of four hundred ladies and gentlemen sat down to a table most tastefully decorated by the ladies attached to Mr. Tanner's Church, and bountifully supplied with creature comforts, by our excellent caterer, Mr. Farrand. After these were discussed came the wisdom and the wit, the latter particularly abundant. All were delighted. The happiest speech, unlike the Convention one, was made by Dr. Gannett. He congratulated the company on their coming together from the East and the West—from the land of chivalry, and from the land————of *freedom*. Had this been said by our good brother Clarke, I could have understood it. Coming from Dr. G. it puzzled me. Whether the long pause he made between the words, was a difficulty in finishing his sentence, or an intention to contrast the two states, be it as it may, the audience took it in its latter sense, and applauded as they did most rapturously, with "three rounds." An allusion to Mr. Furness, and the recent decision of his congregation to retain him with them, anti-slavery though he be. Did you know that an effort has recently been made to get him to New Bedford? The decision was left to the congregation here, some of whom have expressed much dissatisfaction with his making abolition so frequent a subject in the pulpit. His invitation to remain was almost unanimous, three only voting in the negative, with the full understanding that his pulpit was to be a free one. The decision does honour to the pastor and to the people.

The Anti-Slavery League.

The London Patriot contains the following letter, addressed to "the Rev. JOHN BURNET, Chairman of the Anti-Slavery League meeting, Exeter Hall, Sept. 14."

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have this moment finished reading the *Patriot* report of the noble gathering at Exeter Hall, over which you presided. Sorry I was, (and, I doubt not hundreds more were,) that we could not be present with you. The final resolution passed in the meeting, is calm, dignified, and Christian,—worthy of the meeting, and of the cause with which you were all identified.

"I thank God for it; and I fervently hope it will do much towards lessening the mischief the 'Alliance' proceedings cannot fail to effect. Cannot the Anti-Slavery League devise means of obtaining the signatures of thousands, and tens of thousands of English ministers and Christians to that resolution? Every right-minded newspaper, every hater of Slavery, would help; and a week's zeal and energy expended in multiplying these signatures, would effectually show America that the Evangelical Alliance does not, in this matter, utter British feeling. * * * Thanking you warmly for your noble stand on Monday evening,

"I am, dear Sir, very truly yours,

"SAMUEL GREEN."

WALWORTH, Sept. 18th, 1846.

The London Inquirer, of September 19, speaking of the same meeting of the League, says:

"Mr. GARRISON and Mr. THOMPSON eloquently and successfully exposed the evil which had been done, and arraigned the Alliance at the bar of the public. * * * The large assembly [said to be 6,000 persons] warmly responded to the sentiment of the speakers, and the resolutions are such as we are persuaded would be passed by like majorities, in fairly constituted meetings, in every part of the kingdom. The Evangelical Alliance is deservedly condemned, and the British public is vindicated, by this important meeting, from participating in their offence."

The (London) Inquirer of October 3d, in noticing the death of the venerable CLARKSON, and the fact of his cordial concurrence with Mr. Garrison, Mr. Thompson, and their friends, in their views respecting "No union with slaveholders," and "The dissolution of the Union," says:

"Thus the dying philanthropist, even to the last gleam of life's failing lamp, was engaged in thoughts for the overthrow of that tremendous evil, with which he had struggled so long and so hard; and it was his comfort to see other true-hearted men, in the full vigour of life, carrying forward the cause so dear to him; who had given good proof of their readiness to suffer all things for its sake. CLARKSON is gone from us, but GARRISON, and DOUGLASS, and THOMPSON, and a host of worthy associates, remain. If they have thought it necessary to adopt views and plans, which in their uncompromising spirit seem harsh and severe—they do but yield to a sad necessity, carrying out the spirit of Christian beneficence, by determining that the happiness of their brethren shall not be blasted by crime, without the truth being honestly spoken, and evil being resisted to the extent of their power. The spirit of love may sometimes dictate the stern rebuke, and the plain-spoken remonstrance. It requires us to come out and be separate from what is evil, and show our feeling against it. This is the harshness of those who now call upon us to act against American Slavery, and to uphold our convictions against it, whatever may be the consequence. We trust the spirit is spreading, and that those who estimate the worth, and honour the memory, of the great man we have lost, will be eager to carry forward the work in which he so worthily laboured, and to give the full weight of their influence in favour of justice and humanity."

Notes on New Books.

BLACKWOOD FOR OCTOBER.—We have received the October number of this magazine. It contains several very pleasant and valuable articles. The liveliest are notices of two entertaining books, "Letters from Paris," by Gutzkow, and "Hochelaga, or England in the New World." The latter was noticed at some length in this paper when it first appeared here.

"Visit to the Vladika of Montenegro," is highly interesting as making us acquainted with a people who, though living in the heart of Europe, are almost unknown, and whose manners and habits present the singular opposites of extreme barbarism and the most refined civilization.

The Poems of E. B. Barrett will be welcome to all who value her and her productions as they deserve.

To Correspondents.

S. M. We rarely see a number of the "Inquirer," though we have asked for an exchange. Neither of the papers referred to have been sent us. We should be very glad to receive them.

J. W. We will send a package by the first opportunity, to the Boston office. He shall hear from us on sundry points touched upon in his last letters, at the same time.

S. J. M. His friend delivered the letter in due season. We regret that we did not see him, but still hope for that pleasure. The question touching the "Address" was answered in the Standard some months ago. They are all on hand.

E. M. D. He may be certain he did not create a wrong impression. Indeed it would be difficult to give us any other idea of their characters than just the one we now entertain in common with him. The others whom he mentions we hope we may know better.

G. B. of Mo. We have just received her last most welcome letter. We wrote her not long since at A. Has not the letter reached her?

H. W. G. of C. will accept our thanks for his communication.

D. L. C. He should have recieved an earlier reply to the proposition made in a former letter, but it did not reach us till too late to do anything with our own columns of type, which we suppose is what he contemplated.

R. A. L. will observe that her request is complied with.

A. K. It was too good to cut up, and needed no polishing. Has not A. influence enough in that quarter to procure a repetition of these favours? They are just what we most especially desire but have despaired of getting.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry:* To a Friend; Sonnet—Early Morning. *Miscellany:* James Montgomery; A Reason for Drunkenness; Effect of Good Management; Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

FIRST PAGE.—*Selections:* Disunion; The Slave Case; The Great Slave Case; The Slave Case Again; The Police of New-York on a Slave Hunt; Texts for the Day: The Slave Case; The Crime of Running Away from Slavery; The Court Journal.

SECOND PAGE.—Excuse for Dragging a Man into Slavery; Second Ward Police; Judge Edmonds; Excitement about the Slave. *Communications:* Letter from Estes Howe.

Married,

In this city, on Wednesday, the 21st ultimo, by Rev. Dr. Taylor, JOHN L. O'SULLIVAN, with SUSAN KEARNEY, daughter of Dr. Kearney Rodgers, all of this city.

In this city, 21st ultimo, by Rev. Dr. Skinner, GARDNER GREENE HUBBARD, to GERTRUDE MERCER, daughter of R. H. McCurdy, Esq. of this city.

In Boston, by Rev. Dr. Putnam, RICHARD S. GREENOUGH, Esq. to Miss SARAH DANA LORING.

In this city, 28th ult. in the Church of the Epiphany, by the Rector, Miss ANNE P. KETTELL, daughter of the late Thomas P. Kettell, formerly of Boston, Massachusetts, to ALEXANDER KISSAM.

In New Bedford, October 13th, OZIAS G. CHAPMAN, Esq. of Boston, to Miss ELIZABETH RUSSELL, of N. B.

In Salem, 7th instant, by Rev. Theodore Parker, Mr. HENRY P. TRASK, of Boston, to Miss MARY P. KENNY, daughter of Jonathan Kenny, of Salem.

Died,

In Hartford, on the 19th ultimo, Mrs. FAITH, wife of Daniel Wadsworth, Esq. and daughter of the late Gov. Trumbull, aged 78.

At Natick, Massachusetts, on 3d ultimo, Mrs. SUSANNAH HAVEN, wife of John Addis Haven, in the 70th year of her age.

In Sandwich, on Saturday last, WILLIAM FESSENDEN, Esq. aged about 78.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

General Items.

Mexico.—The Picayune of the 22d instant, has Mexican papers down to 20th Sept. The Mexicans were very bitter against the United States. On the 9th September, Gen. Othon, Governor of St. Luis Potosi, issued an address to the inhabitants of that State, announcing that our troops had taken possession of the capital of New Mexico. The dangers of the country, he tells them, are each day increasing. The Mexican papers appear perplexed, not knowing what to think of Armijo's conduct. They watch all Kearney's movements with intense interest, but are puzzled to know what he intends to do next. The Picayune promises in its next number an interesting account of the siege of Monterey, prepared by Bailie Peyton, who was a very efficient participator in the fight. Lieut. Card of the army, arrived here last night with letters from officers in the army to Gen. Scott, but no official dispatches came for Government.—*Tribune.*

Delicate Question.—The Providence Journal is uncertain whether the news of the election of Mr. Sawyer, of Ohio, to Congress, should go with the election news or under the pork market.

Attempted Escape of a Slave.—The cases of negroes secreting themselves on board vessels bound for Northern ports, are getting to be of frequent occurrence. The bark New England left this port for Boston a week ago, and after getting fairly out to sea, a negro appeared on deck, and attracted the notice of the captain, to whom he reported himself as a runaway, who had been induced by one or two of the crew to hide himself on board, with the promise that on getting into blue water he would be safe. Though at a great inconvenience to himself, the Captain returned to the Balize, and put him on board the pilot-boat, which brought him back to the city last evening. The runaway on the brig Ottoman, whose capture in Boston excited such a burst of *philanthropic* feeling there, arrived here on the 13th on the bark Niagara, and has been handed over to his master.—*N. O. Correspondence Charleston Courier.*

The Last Yankee Notion.—There is a chap travelling in Connecticut, who has fitted up a large double wagon into a sort of saloon, with a Daguerreotype apparatus, and is going about from place to place, like a tin peddlar, calling at houses and taking pictures here and there, as he can find customers.

The Hutchinson Family attended the late Independent Democratic Convention at Concord, N. H. and at the close of a speech by Hon. JOHN P. HALE, they rose unexpectedly in the gallery, and sung the song, "There's a good time coming boys." The audience was electrified.

Hill's New Hampshire Patriot cautions the "Democracy" not to hear the Hutchinsons sing. Hill thinks they sing treason.—*Hampshire Herald*

I regret that I have not room to express, in appropriate terms, my abhorrence of the despicable conduct of our 900 standing army of bludgeon men and other officeleeches in their endeavours to deprive a poor black boy of his liberty.—*Young America.*

Cassius M. Clay and Tom Marshall in Mexico.—An interesting letter, dated Fort Towson, Choctaw Nation, October 1st, and contained in the Hartford "Daily Courant," gives the following amusing sketch of two somewhat noted Kentuckians, at the seat of war:

"Cassius M. Clay, Tom Marshall, and brothers were captains of companies in the same command; and though a year since, Clay and Tom were such bitter enemies, they now seemed on proper terms of intimacy. Cassius M. was said to be, and evidently was, the most popular man in the regiment. When off duty, he was but one of the company, faring as the rest. He conversed freely, with all. Such a course could but give him their esteem. For while he retained the dignity of his rank sufficiently to command the highest respect and obedience, he scorned to display that petty feeling of superiority which characterizes many thus crowned with authority. He, on the contrary, considered that his men were American citizens and volunteers like himself, with common interests and feelings, and as such were entitled to respect. Were all our officers as true Democrats, our army would not be republican only in name. Such a course by some might not be deemed prudent, but I am told by the United States Commissary at Fulton, that Clay's company was the best disciplined of any he had supplied."

Taking the Bull by the Horns.—A gentlemau in this city, who sets the highest value upon the institution of SLAVERY, contending that it is essential to the perpetuity of a Republican form of Government, and attributing to the want of it the low tone of honour and of morals that prevails in our Northern cities, proposes to petition Congress for its extension among the Northern States. He has left the paper at our office for signatures, intending to present it to the next Congress through the hands of Mr. Adams, who, it is presumed from his opinions upon the Right of Petition, will not refuse to become the vehicle of its transmission.

Strict constructionists as we are, we consider it entirely beyond the pale of Congressional power to interfere with the domestic institutions of the States of this Union; but, of course the Abolitionists cannot object to it on this ground. With them, it is simply a question of *policy*, whether Congress should abolish or extend the institution of Slavery; and if it comes to that, we would not at all be surprised to see an act of Congress authorizing the buying and selling negroes in the State of Massachusetts.—*Richmond Standard.*

The Steamer Rhode Island Ashore.—The steamer Rhode Island, which left Stonington on Saturday evening, with a large number of passengers and the Eastern mail, was blown ashore about 12 o'clock, M. yesterday, a tremendous gale prevailing at the time, about six miles East of Huntington, Long Island. We have no particulars, but understand that she was in no danger, and will probably be got off without great trouble, as it was low tide when she went ashore. Intelligence of her situation was brought to this city last evening by a messenger dispatched to town for the purpose of procuring another boat to go to her relief, and take off her passengers and mail. The storm has been very severe, and we may well expect to hear of some sad disasters on the coast.—*Tribune.*

NOTICES.

NOTICE.

Rev. J. B. Johnstone, of Ohio, who has recently been appointed by the Reformed Presbyterian Church in the United States to explore a missionary field in the West Indies commencing with Hayti, will preach on Sabbath evening, November 8th, in Rev. James Chrystie's Church, in Sullivan, near Spring street. The friends of missions are respectfully invited to attend. A collection will be taken up to aid the cause.

RHODE ISLAND ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Eleventh Annual meeting of the Rhode Island Anti-Slavery Society will be held in the city of Providence, on Wednesday, November 11th, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M. and will probably continue in session two or three days.

Several interesting speakers are expected from abroad. We cordially invite the people of all sects, parties, and professions, to meet with us and help do something for the overthrow of Slavery. When a slave can be kidnapped in the public streets of the largest city in New England, and forced into Slavery, it is high time that we all unite in serious, and earnest advocacy of the rights of man.

We do not ask that any one should agree with us in all the measures we may pursue, but we do ask that all should show a bold and determined opposition to Slavery.

In behalf of the Rhode Island Anti-Slavery Society.

JOHN BROWN, Prest.

AMARANCY PAYNE, Sec.

Providence, October 17, 1846.

REMOVAL.

The A. S. Office at Boston is removed to 21 Cornhill, up stairs, two doors below the old stand; where all communications intended for the Liberator, should be directed.

THE LIBERTY BELL, 1847.

Friends of the cause intending to write for it this year, are informed that the copy ought now to be in the printer's hands, to ensure its seasonable publication.

It is in contemplation to make the forthcoming number more beautiful and valuable than any former one, and to issue a larger edition.

Contributions of prose or poetry, of money, of paper, and of labour, are all most welcome. No writer, editor, or collector, has ever consented to be remunerated—as it is desirable that as much as possible of the expense attending the publication should be a gift to the cause, that the edition may be the larger, and the circulation and avails to the cause the greater.

The present number will contain a valuable engraving of FRANCIS JACKSON, which a friend of the cause who is an artist has generously volunteered to execute. This good and cheering example ought to be imitated.

Donations and contributions should be addressed to M. W. CHAPMAN.

E. D. HUDSON AGAIN IN THE FIELD.

The friends of the slave in the different localities are informed that our efficient friend and fellow-labourer, E. D. Hudson, proposes to hold meetings at the following places; and they are requested to make all necessary arrangements for the meetings, and extend to him their cordial and hearty co-operation and aid, particularly in procuring subscribers to the National Anti-Slavery Standard, which is at the present time, beyond a doubt, the most economical instrumentality in accelerating the day of emancipation.

Hilladale, Columbia county, Wednesday,	November	4
Albany, Friday,	"	6
Amsterdam, Saturday,	"	7
Johnstown, Sunday and Monday,	"	8 & 9
St. Johnsville, Monday and Tuesday,	"	9 & 10
Oppenheim, Wednesday,	"	11
Little Falls, Thursday,	"	12
Herkimer, Friday,	"	13
Utica, Saturday,	"	14
Marcy, Sunday,	"	15
Rome, Monday,	"	16
Verona Centre, Tuesday,	"	17
Oneida Castle, Wednesday and Thursday,	"	18 & 19
Canastota, Friday,	"	20
Syracuse, Saturday and Sunday,	"	21 & 22

J. C. HATHAWAY, Gen. Ag't.

CIRCULAR—CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the "New-York State Society for the Abolition of the Death Penalty," was held on Wednesday, the 14th inst.

The Committee would respectfully recommend to the friends of the cause throughout the State:

1. That a public meeting for the discussion of the subject be held on Friday evening, the 20th of November next, in every city and town, and a society organized, where it is practicable.

2. That the subject be introduced for discussion into the various debating societies of our towns and villages.

3. That the editors of the different newspapers in the State be requested to open their columns to the discussion of the subject.

4. That petitions to the Legislature be prepared and sent in at as early a period of the session as possible.

5. That "Burleigh's Thoughts on the Death Penalty," and other kindred works, be extensively circulated.

6 That lectures on the subject be given at stated periods during the coming winter, and that the aid of clergymen and public speakers generally be invoked in this measure.

AGENTS.

The agents of the American and Western Anti-Slavery Societies, now engaged in this field, beside our friends Foster, who are about to leave, are:

VALENTINE NICHOLSON,
JOEL P. DAVIS,
ASA PRATT,
EDWARD P. BASSETT,
HENRY H. HATCH,
LEANDER HATCH,
SAMUEL T. CREIGHTON.

The first three are agents of the American Society, and their present field of labour is Southwestern Ohio and Eastern Indiana—the last four are agents of the Western Society, and their field of operations for the present is Northern Ohio.

Samuel Brooks, General Agent of the Western Society, and also of the American for the West.

We have the pleasure also of announcing that the Rev. Ewd. C. Fuller, of Cuyahoga county, will enter the field as a lecturing agent the 1st of November.

We hope soon that the cause will have the benefit of the labours of Jere. B. Sanderson, of Lynn, Mass, also of two others of this State, who propose to engage ere long in the holy enterprise of preaching deliverance to the captive.

Chas. Ferrel is obtaining subscribers for the Bugle, and also lecturing with the approbation of the Western Society.—*Bugle.*

FREE PRODUCE ASSOCIATION.

The eighth annual meeting of the American Free Produce Association will be held in Philadelphia, on the 20th of 10th month, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

All persons interested in the principles of the Society are earnestly invited to attend.

ABRAHAM L. PENNOCK, *President.*
SARAH PUGH, *Secretary.*

NORFOLK COUNTY.

The meeting of the Norfolk County Anti-Slavery Society, will be held at Quincy, on the 4th and 5th of November.

BRISTOL COUNTY.

A great Anti-Slavery Convention is to take place at New Bedford, on the 14th and 15th of November, next, at which it is proposed to revive the old Bristol County Anti-Slavery Society.

CIRCULAR.

Again we invite the co-operation of the Abolitionists of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware, in our preparations, already commenced, for the Fair of 1846. We trust that our friends in town and country, will immediately begin, if they have not already done so, to make arrangements for working circles, &c. and enlist as many warm hearts and efficient hands as can be found in their respective neighborhoods. Our next Fair is to be held in a much larger Hall, than we have heretofore occupied, and it is our intention that it shall be in every respect greatly superior to former ones. To accomplish this, we must, *each and all*, be more diligent, more active in invention and execution, than heretofore. The cause demands new efforts, and whose heart does not respond to the call? Let each of us commence this work with a determination that the Fair *shall* be what we wish to make it. Let no suggestion be lost, let no inventive thought be rejected, which can be profitably applied in any department of the labor. Much depends on the *variety* of the collection, and the skill and taste of all may here find ample room for profitable exercise. And the usual articles of needlework will be in demand, and a much larger supply than heretofore of the products of the garden, the dairy, and the farm. We wish to fill one table with specimens of Natural History in every variety, and another with pot flowers. Will the friends in the country prepare these for the occasion? Let all who have beautiful flowers of any kind, plant cuttings from them now, and, if properly trained, they will probably be ready for us in December next.

Your past experience and observation, dear friends, diminishes the necessity of suggestions from us. What we would most urgently press upon you is, that the work of preparation be commenced *immediately*, and continued diligently. We shall be glad to communicate with any circle or individual, who may wish for consultation with us respecting the Fair, and shall be happy to receive friendly suggestion from any quarter.

Sarah Pugh, *Emma Parker,*
Theresa Hallowell, *Gertrude K. Burleigh,*
Sarah L. Child, *Hannah L. Stickney,*
Anna M. Hopper, *Mary T. Stickney,*
Margaret Griscom, *Emily Winslow,*
Sarah A. McKim, *Maria Davis,*
Amy Matilda Cassey, *Harriet D. Purvis,*
Paulina Wright, *Sarah L. Purvis,*
Janette Jackson, *Margaret Jones,*
Martha Carman, *Mary Grew,*
E. Carman, *Margaretta Forten,*
Clementine Green, *Mary Shaw,*
Huldah Justice, *Hester Reckless,*
Eliza J. Bias, *Esther Hogeland,*
Committee of Arrangements.

WESTERN NEW-YORK ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

At Rochester, on Christmas Week, 1846.

"Blessed ones! whom none on earth
Dare to wrench from home and hearth;
Ye whose hearts are sheltered well
By affection's holy spell,
Oh, forget not those, for whom
Life is naught but changeless gloom,
O'er whose days of cheerless sorrow,
Hope may paint no brighter morrow."

The time has passed by, to undertake to set forth the propriety and usefulness of Anti-Slavery Fairs, as an instrumentality in forwarding the cause in which we are engaged. Their efficacy and efficiency have been fully tried, and amply demonstrated. The benefits reflected upon those engaged in them, have been found to be, not among the least useful results. The sewing circle, the social meeting, the free exchange of thought, the awakening of interest, all tend to good.

It is found that we can only be saved by doing good—that we can only receive by giving, and that "to withhold more than is meet tendeth to poverty." We therefore, in behalf of the slave, make an appeal for aid to those who love Freedom, and hate Slavery,—who holp to Liberty and despise oppression,—with a confident assurance, that to those who appreciate the spirit and genius of the Anti-Slavery enterprise, the appeal will not be in vain.

OBJECTS OF THE FAIR.

The products of the Fair will be expended under the direction of the Board of Managers, in defraying the expenses of the Anti-Slavery agents, and in sustaining the National Anti-Slavery Standard. Any persons making contributions or donations, can have the amount expended in either specific manner which they may direct.

A commodious Hall will be procured, and the Fair opened on Christmas Eve, and continued until New Year's day. Addresses will be delivered through the week by the most eloquent friends of Freedom, who can be obtained. An Anti-Slavery Choir will be in attendance, to sing, in behalf of Liberty, songs appropriate to the cause and occasion.

In the name, then, of outraged humanity, imbruted and trampled upon,—in the name of prostrate manhood, scourged and bleeding,—in the name of God-like intellect, bedimmed and clouded,—in the name of anguished mothers, weeping and wailing,—in the name of little children, bound and fettered, sold and bartered, we ask every one to do something. The farmer can surely find something among his various productions to offer upon the altar, if his heart is in the work. All the productions of the dairy, poultry, and all the varieties of fruit, grain, and vegetables, will be needed. We ask the miller for his flour, the baker for aid in baking cake and crackers, and the mechanics for the products of their skill, in the shape of such neat, tasteful, and useful articles as their various handicrafts can furnish. The merchant for staple and fancy stuffs, such as we can work up into useful and attractive articles, for keepsakes, and friendly offerings, and while we are labouring, we remember that every stitch we take is a stitch in the shroud of Slavery, and that will make the labour light.

Don't let those who have nothing but money to give feel slighted, for that will not be refused, but will be more than doubled by the willing hand of industry.

Now, friends, we ask each and every one of you, by the regard you have for the happiness of your own hearthstones, by the religion which you profess, and the attributes of Him whom you worship, to become fellow-labourers with us in this holy cause.

Sarah R. Doty, Farmington.
Phebe Hathaway, "
Margaret Pryor, Waterloo.
Mary Ann McClintock,
Sarah E. Thayer, Poplar Ridge, Venis.
Sarah Jacobs, " "
Eliza M. Cooper, Williamson.
Sarah D. Fish, Sodus.
Sylvia Mead, Lockport.
Laura Murry, Darien.
Amy Post, Rochester.
Sarah A. Burtis, "
Abigail Bush, "
Elizabeth G. Coffin, "

FREE PRODUCE ASSOCIATION.

Although the meetings of this association have been for a time suspended, yet it is believed that the friends of the enslaved have not lost sight of the object for which it was organized. The persevering efforts of individuals in the West, and the associated action in some of the eastern commercial cities, with a view to multiply facilities for ensuring more adequate supplies of goods, &c. not contaminated by slave labour, or produced by oppression, it is believed clearly indicate the propriety of calling a meeting of the "Free Produce Association of the West."

The friends of the slave, and advocates of abstinence from the use of slave-grown produce, are respectfully called to meet in convention at Salem, Union county, Ia. on the 28th of 10th month (October) next.

WM. BEARD, President.

NEW-YORK WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE STANDARD.

ASHES.			**IRON.**		
Pot, first sort 1845.

Poetry.

The following poem is so hopeful and beautiful that, although not written for publication, the "Friend" desires its more extended circulation, feeling that many weary hearts may be refreshed, and struggling spirits strengthened by its gentle ministrations, its high faith.

L.

TO A FRIEND.

My heart hath been with thee, sweet friend, in these
Dark days, nor hath thy spirit bled alone
In thy Gethsemane of suffering.
What though the fires thy hope had tended long
Have, one by one, gone out in darkness, and
Deep sadness hangs its misty folds, pall-like,
Around thy spirit, though inscriptions rich
Upon thy heart's pure leaves have not been read
Aright, and from its laden harp-strings no
Soft touch the slumbering melody calls forth;
What though the pangs, by lofty natures known,
When on the Actual of their deeds, their own
Ideal throws its frown, are thine, and on
The sickness of thy soul, fall echoless!
The morning's pealing hymn of gladness, and
The voices sweet that thrill up from the wild
And pulsing heart of Night, yet still I know
That Suffering's waves may wash all stains away,
I know, that in the Future, spirit-bands
Awaits, that yearn to minister to thee.
Thy full sad heart is made magnetic through
Its wealth of love, and therefore it must draw
True hearts unto itself, by that same law
By which the steel attracts the steel. The doings
Of thine aspirings thou hast never clipped,
Nor trained them in the cage of Earth to chirp
And feed, as men have tamed their winged thoughts
For market, and on these, o'ershadowing woes,
Bird-like, thou shalt ascend into the clear
Serene above, where thou shalt learn from lips
Invisible, the stranze sweet lore, that yet
Shall make thee to the weary ones of Earth
God's blessed angel. Round thy central thought
Of love, then, friend beloved, thine armour strong
Gird fast, and in the battle-field of life
Go forth to conquer. Pause thou not to dream
Thy golden hours within the misty caves
Of old romance away, but with thine eye
Upon Perfection's mark, through steep defiles,
And darkling passes wild, from stage to stage,
On, upward, towards the lofty goal, oh! press
Unfaltering. Bending sky, and green-robed earth,
And winding stream, are but the symbols faint
Of that fair landscape which thine eye
Shall oft behold, and on its pearly shores,
And isles of beauty, and beneath the deep
Sereneness of its holy bowers, thine ear
Shall catch the sweet upswelling chimes of that
Celestial melody which evermore
Rolls through the universe of soul, and in
The pauses calm of passion's roar, falls clear
And soft, upon the reverent listener. Thou
Shalt learn that all the passionate yearnings of
Thy heart, that, stranger-like, into the world
Went forth in search of joy, and mournfully
Came back to thee in emptiness, and all
The sweet and trembling hopes that lingered round
Thy spirit long, were surest prophesies.
Alone have truth and beauty won thy heart,
And all of these thou lovest truly, is
Thine own. What though the images of some
Who once were stars of light unto thy soul,
Have sullied grown, or dim, yet not sold words,
Nor wrong, nor any change, can tear from thee
That loveliness which thou hast shrined in
Thy heart, and thus, for aye, hast blended with
Thy being. Deep within shall live secure
The pure Ideal of thy spirit's love;
And whether, taking human form, it speak
In low and tender words to thee, or as
A spirit prophesy to thine, yet thou
Shalt not walk on alone. Thy household band
Shall be all hero-souls of present time,
And past; the strong prophetic words they spake
To man's great longing heart, they spake for thee,
And sweet as morning breezes, shall they pass
Across thy spirit. In the earnestness
Of all thy holy purposes, and in
The strength that's born of daily labour, thou,
Like them, shalt find the key of rest, and to
Thy early dreams shall duty be the glad
Interpreter. A beauteous faith, the child
Of earnest love, shall nestle softly in
Thy breast, and in thy night-watch dark, shall lisp
Of the upstreaking dawn, and of that sun
Of joy whose never-quenched beam shall stream
Through parting clouds in beauty down, shall tell
That yet for thee, and for thy sorrowing race,
Shall form and order rise from out the wild
Encircling chaos. Gentlest spirit! oh! rejoice
That life is thine, rich, glorious, in the power
It gives to strive, and if it needs must be
To suffer nobly. Aye, rejoice, for in
The infinite of thy great nature rest
All forms of beauty, and all stores of bliss!
Electric hope, and love's sweet harmonies
There underlie those discords harsh, which yet
Shall be converted to the deepened bass
Of life's full music. E'en thy common thoughts
Shall be with thee as angel guests, and none
Shall enter in thy soul, as dwellers there,
That may not stand before the gaze of men,
And in the noon-day light unblushing. Thou
Harmoniously with nature's life shalt walk,
Her truths, the opened hearts of little flowers
That look up meaningly into thy face,
Shall sweetly teach to thee; the solemn stars
Whose silent music thrills the vaulted Night,
Shall grow more eloquent with voiceless love,
And thou shalt read familiar language, 'graved
On Morning's brow, and on the folds of gold
And pearl, which curtain sunset's couch secure
Upon the one all-tender heart of Love.
Oh! Sweetly thou shalt learn to lean, and feel
The mighty life-throbs of the universe
Send vital currents through thy spirit's veins,
While strong shall grow thy pulse respondent. Age,
Whose phantom grim on thy young dreams scowled dark,
Shall turn his baffled steps from that strong fort
Away, where Love, God's mightiest angel, stands
Begirt with his eternal youth. Upon
Thy pure, high thoughts, Eternity's broad seal
E'er now is set; and over these, and o'er
The love that links thee with the universe,
And o'er the oneness of thy purposes
With those of God, his angel, Death, hold no
Commission, and shall lay no shadow of
His power.

N.

CHESTER COUNTY, Pa.

SONNET—EARLY MORNING.

BY GEORGE THOMPSON.

The sun breaks forth with his brightest beam;
The music is sweet of the winding stream;
The reaper is binding the yellow grain,
While the sky-lark carols his sweetest strain;
Thin clouds career o'er the mountain's brow;
In the vale the peasant holds his plough;
And all is gladness, and joy, and peace,—
The fertile field and the snowy fleece:
Nor can I though this realm descry,
As o'er it wanders the kindling eye—
On the smiling farm, or the martyr's grave,
A lordly satrap or groaning slave.
When, Columbia! when shall it be,
That the poet may sing the same of thee!

Miscellany.

From Tait's Magazine.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN, AUTHOR OF "A GALLERY OF LITERARY PORTRAITS.

Some four or five years ago, the inhabitants of a large city in the north of Scotland were apprised, by handbills, that James Montgomery, Esq. of Sheffield, the poet, was to address a meeting on the subject of Moravian missions. This announcement, in the language of Dr. Caius, "did bring de water into your mouth." The thought of seeing a live poet, of European reputation, arriving at our very door, in a remote corner, was absolutely electrifying. We went early to the chapel where he was announced to speak, and ere the lion of the evening appeared, amused ourselves with watching and analyzing the audience which his celebrity had collected. It was not very numerous, and not very select. Few of the grandees of the city had condescended to honour him with their presence. Stranger still, there was but a sparse supply of clergy, or of the prominent religionists of the town. The church was chiefly filled with females of a certain age, one or two stray "hero worshippers" like ourselves, a few young ladies who had read some of his minor poems, and whose eyes seemed lighted up with a gentle fire of pleasure in the prospect of seeing the author of those "beautiful verses on the Grave and Prayer," and two or three who had come from ten miles off to see and hear the celebrated poet. When he at length appeared, we continued to marvel at the aspect of the platform. Instead of being supported by the *elite* of the city, instead of forming a rallying centre of attraction and unity to all who had a sympathy with piety or with genius for leagues around it, a few obscure individuals presented themselves, who seemed rather anxious to catch a little *eclat* from him, than to delight to do him honour. The evening was rather advanced ere he rose to speak. His appearance, so far as we could catch it, was quite in keeping with the spiritual cast of his poetry. He was tall, thin, bald, with face of sharp outline, but mild expression; and we looked with no little reverence on the eye which had shot fire into the Pelican Island, and on the hand, (skinny enough we ween,) which had written "The Grave." He spoke in a low voice, sinking occasionally into an inaudible whisper; but his action was fiery, and his pantomime striking. In the course of his speech, he alluded, with considerable effect, to the early heroic struggles of Moravianism, when she was yet alone in the death-grapple with the powers of heathen darkness, and closed (when *did* he ever close a speech otherwise?) by quoting a few vigorous verses from himself.

We left the meeting, we remember, with two wondering questions ringing in our ears: first, Is this fame? of what value reputation, which in a city of sixty thousand inhabitants, is so freezingly acknowledged? Would not any empty, mouthing charlatan, any "twopenny tear-mouth," any painted, stupid savage, any clever juggler, any dextrous player upon the fiery harp-strings of the popular passions, have enjoyed a better reception than this true, tender, and holy poet? But secondly, Is not this true, tender, and holy poet partly himself to blame? Has he not too readily lent himself as an instrument of popular excitement? Is this progress of his altogether a proper, a poet's progress? Would Milton, or Cowper, or Wordsworth, have submitted to it? And is it in good taste for him to eke out his orations by long extracts from his own poems? Homer, it is true, sang his own verses; but he did it for food. Montgomery recites them, but it is for fame.

We pass now gladly—as we did in thought then—from the progress to the poet-pilgrim himself. We have long admired and loved James Montgomery. We loved him ere we could admire him: we wept under his spell ere we did either one or the other. We will not soon forget the Sabbath evening—it was in golden summer tide—when we first heard his "Grave" repeated, and wept as we heard it. It seemed to come, as it professed to come, from the grave itself—a still small voice of comfort and of hope, even from the stern abyss. It was a fine and bold idea to turn the great enemy into a comforter, and elicit such a reply, so tender and submissive, to the challenge, "O Grave, where is thy victory!" Triumphing in prospect over the sun himself, the grave proclaims the superiority and immunity of the soul—

> The sun is but a spark of fire,
> A transient meteor in the sky;
> But thou! immortal as his Sire,
> Shalt never die.

Surely no well in the wilderness ever sparkled out to the thirsty traveller a voice more musical, more tender, and more cheering, than this which Montgomery educes from the jaws of the narrow house. Soon afterwards we became acquainted with some other of his small pieces, which then seized and which still occupy the principal place in our regards. Indeed, it is on his little poems that the permanency of his fame is likely to rest, as it is into them that he has chiefly shed the peculiarity and the beauty of his genius. James Montgomery has little inventive or dramatic powers; he cannot write an epic: none of his larger poems, while some are bulky, can be called great; but he is the best writer of hymns (understanding a hymn to mean a short religious effusion) in the language. He catches the transient emotions of the pious heart, which arise in the calm evening walk, where the saints, like Isaac, go out into the fields to meditate; or under the still and star-fretted midnight; or on his "own delightful bed;" or in pensive contemplations of the 'Common Lot;" or under the Swiss heaven, where evening hardly closes the eye of Mont Blanc, and stirs Lake Leman's waters with a murmur like a sleeper's prayer: wherever, in short, piety kindles into the poetic feeling such emotions, he catches, refines, and embalms in his snatches of lyric song. As Wordsworth has expressed sentiments which the "solitary lover of nature was unable to utter save with glistening eye and faltering tongue," so Montgomery has given poetic form and words, to breathings and pantings of the Christian spirit, which himself never suspected to be poetical at all, till he saw them reflected in verses. He has caught and crystalized the tear dropping from the penitent's eye; he has echoed the burden of the heart, sighing with gratitude to Heaven; he has arrested and fixed in melody, the "upward glancing of an eye, when none but God is near." In his verse, and in Cowper's, the poetry of ages of devotion has broken silence, and spoken out. Religion, the most poetical of all things, had, for a long season, been divorced from song, or had mistaken pert jingle, impudent familiarity, and doggerel, for its genuine voice. It was reserved for the bards of Olney and Sheffield to renew and to strengthen the lawful and holy wedlock.

Montgomery, then, is a religious lyrist, and as such, is distinguished by many peculiar merits. His first quality is a certain quiet simplicity of language and of purpose. His is not the ostentatious, elaborate, and systematic simplicity of Wordsworth; it is unobtrusive, and essential to the action of his mind. It is a simplicity, which the diligent student of Scripture seldoms fails to derive from its pages, particularly from its histories and its psalms. It is the simplicity of a spirit which religion has subdued as well as elevated, and which consciously spreads abroad the wings of its imagination, under the eye of God. As if each poem were a prayer, so is he sedulous that its words be few and well ordered. In short, his is not so much the simplicity of art, nor the simplicity of nature, as it is the simplicity of faith. It is the virgin dress of one of the white-robed priests in the ancient temple. It is a simplicity which, by easy and rapid transition, mounts into bold and manly enthusiasm. One is reminded of the artless sinkings and soarings, lingerings and hurryings of David's matchless minstrelsies, which come and go like the sounds of music borne on the wind. Profound insight is not peculiarly Montgomery's forte. He is rather a seraph than a cherub; rather a burning than a knowing one. He kneels; he looks upward with rapt eye; he covers at times his face with his wing; but he does not ask awful questions, or cast strong though baffled glances into the solid and intolerable glory. You can never apply to him the words of Gray. He never has "passed the bounds of flaming space, where angels tremble as they gaze." He has never invaded those lofty but dangerous regions of speculative thought, where some have dwelt till they have lost all of piety, save its grandeur and gloom. He does not reason, far less doubt, on the subject of religion at all; it is his only to wonder, to love, to weep, and to adore. Sometimes, but seldom can he be called a sublime writer. In his "Wanderer of Switzerland," he blows a bold horn, but the echoes and the avalanches of the highest Alps will not answer or fall to his reveille. In his "Greenland," he expresses but faintly the poetry of Frost; and his line is often cold as a glacier. His "World before the Flood" is a misnomer. It is not the young, virgin, undrowned world it professes to be. In his "West Indies," there is more of the ardent emancipator than the poet; you catch but dimly, through its correct and measured verse, a glimpse of Ethiopia, a dreadful appellant, standing with one shackled foot on the rock of Gibraltar, and the other on the Cape of Good Hope, and "stretching forth her hands" to an avenging God. And, although, in the horrours of the middle passage, there were elements of poetry, yet it was a poetry which our author's genius is too gentle and timid fully to extract. As soon could he have added a story to Ugolino's tower, or another circle to the Inferno, as have painted that pit of heat, hunger, and howling despair, the hold of a slave-vessel. Let him have his praise, however, as the constant and eloquent friend of the negro, and as the laureate of his freedom. The high note struck at first by Cowper in his lines, "I would not have a slave," &c. it was reserved for Montgomery to echo and swell up, in reply to the full diapason of the liberty of Ham's children, proclaimed in all the isles which Britain claims as hers. And let us hope that he will be rewarded, before the close of his existence, by hearing, though it were in an ear half-shut in death, a louder, deeper, more victorious shout springing from emancipated America, and of saying, like Simeon of old, "Lord, now let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

* * * * *

Among Montgomery's smaller poems, the finest is the "Stanzas at Midnight," composed in Switzerland, and which we see inserted in Longfellow's beautiful romance of Hyperion, with no notice or apparent knowledge of their authorship. They describe a mood of his own mind while passing a night among the Alps, and contain a faithful transcript of the emotions which, thick and sombre as the shadows of the mountains, crossed his soul in its solitude. There are no words of Foster's, which to us possess more meaning than that simple expression in his first essay, "solemn meditations of the night." Nothing in spiritual history is more interesting. What vast tracts of thought does the mind sometimes traverse when it cannot sleep! What ideas, that had bashfully presented themselves in the light of day, now stand out in bold relief, and authoritative dignity! How vividly appear before us the memories of the past!

How do, alas! past struggles and sin return to recollection, rekindling on our cheeks their first fierce blushes unseen in the darkness! How new a light is cast upon the great subjects of spiritual contemplation! What a "browner horrour" falls upon the throne of death, and the pale kingdoms of the grave! What projects are then formed, what darings of purpose conceived, and how fully can we then understand the meaning of the poet,

> "In lonely glens, amid the roar of rivers,
> When the still nights were moonless have I known
> Joys that no tongue can tell; my pale lip quivers
> When thought revisits them!"

And when, through the window, looks in on us one full glance of a clear large star, how startlingly it seems, like a conscious, mild, yet piercing eye; how strongly it points, how soothingly it mingles with our meditations, and as with a flash of fire, leads them away into still remoter and more mysterious regions of thought! Such a meditation Montgomery has embodied in these beautiful verses; but then HE is up amid the midnight and all its stars; he is out amid the Alps, and is catching on his brow the living breath of that rarest inspiration which moves amid them, then, and then alone.

We mentioned Cowper in conjunction with Montgomery in a former sentence. They resemble each other in the pious purpose and general simplicity of their writings, but otherwise are entirely distinct. Cowper's is a didactic, Montgomery's a romantic piety. Cowper's is a gloomy, Montgomery's a cheerful religion. Cowper has in him a fierce and bitter vein of satire, often irritating into invective; we find no traces of any such thing in all Montgomery's writings. Cowper's withering denunciations seem shreds of Elijah's mantle, torn off in the fiery whirlwind. Montgomery is clothed in the softer garments, and breathes the gentler genius of the new economy. And as poets, Montgomery, with more imagination and elegance, is entirely destitute of the rugged strength of sentiment, the exquisite keenness of observation, the rich humour, and the awful personal pathos of Cowper.

* * * * * *

Of Montgomery's prose we might say much that was favourable. It is truly "Prose by a Poet," to borrow the title of one of his works. You see the poet every now and then dropping his mask, and showing his flaming eyes. It is enough to confute the vulgar prejudice against the prose of poets. Who, indeed, but a poet has ever written, or can ever write, good prose, prose that will live? What prose, to take but one example, is comparable to the prose of Shakspeare—many of whose very best passages, as Hamlet's description of man, Falstaff's death, the speech of Brutus, that dreadful grace before meat of Timon, which is of misanthropy the quaintest and most appalling quintessence, and seems fit to have preceded a supper in Eblis, &c. are not in verse? Montgomery's prose criticism we value less for its exposition of principles, or for its originality, in which respects it is deficient, than for its generous and eloquent enthusiasm. It is delightful to find in an author, who had so to struggle up his way to distinction, such a fresh and constant sympathy with the success and the merits of others. In this point he reminds us of Shelley, who, hurled down at one time, by universal acclamation, into the lowest abyss of contempt, both as an author and a man, could look up from it, to breathe sincere admiration toward those who had usurped the place in public favour to which he was, and he knew he was, entitled. We are not reminded of the Lakers, whose tarn-like narrowness of critical spirit is the worst and weakest feature in their characters. Truly a great mind never looks so contemptible as when, stooping from its pride of place, it exchanges its own high aspirations after fame, for poor mouse-like nibblings at the reputation of others.

* * * * * *

We return to James Montgomery only to bid him farewell. He is one of the few lingering stars in a very rich constellation of poets; Byron, Coleridge, Southey, Crabbe, Campbell, Shelley, Keats, &c. are gone: some burst to shivers by their own impetuous motion; others, in the course of nature, having simply ceased to shine. Three of that cluster yet remain, in Wordsworth, Moore, and Montgomery. Let us, without absurdly and malignantly denying merit to our rising luminaries, (some of whom, such as Browning, Tennyson, and Baillie, we hope yet to see emulating the very highest of the departed,) with peculiar tenderness cherish these, both for their own sakes, and as still linking us to a period in our literary history so splendid.

The following sketch is from the pen of Mr. Chandler, editor of the United States Gazette, published at Philadelphia:—

A REASON FOR DRUNKENNESS.

Nearly forty years ago, we were sitting on a rock that jutted out towards Plymouth Bay—a slight breeze swept up the channel and rippled its current; far off, but far between the projecting capes, was the line of the horizon, resting on the blue circle of the multitudinous sea. There was nothing to disturb the scene—it was the hour of noon—and silence reigning along the shore, and even within the habitations, because the table is there blessed before enjoyed, and the invocation, if it brings not down the spirit which it seeks, lifts up the heart which it reaches.

We had been despatched, that day, with the dinner-basket and the bottle to the man labouring among the rocks, and gathering up the debris of the shore.

In these days, piety herself proffered the glass, and temperance solaced herself with the regular cup.

The man had busied himself with his fare, but he tendered to us a portion of his food—we declined it, having already dined.

"I will not offer you anything from the bottle," said he, "it is bad, very bad for the young, and worse for the old. Never touch it, Joseph, as you hope for respect in life."

Let us say, that the speaker was the son of one of the most respectable persons in the country—had been well educated, and started in manhood with a fine competency,—but took to rum. From one grade to another, he had gone down to the rank of a common labourer, in the town of his birth, and earned a miserable living for a wife and numerous children, by the most menial offices, and went home beastly druak, whenever he could get rum enough to make him intoxicated. He was a lost man, a miserable object.

"Never touch it," said he, "as you hope for respect in life. It is a deadly poison, palsying all physical and moral powers—with its use, man is a brute, a slave to every one who wishes to command him—without it, temperate and industrious, he may be what he pleases.

"No man can hope for respect who indulges in rum—but temperate, and with the education to be acquired in our schools, he must grow up in the respect of his fellow-men, and, in time, must obtain competency. Indulge in this," and he held up to the sun the half-emptied bottle, "and shame, poverty, and toil, follow—avoid it, and you may command the services of every one that sins in this way—may you never be thus commanded."

The man had been a sot, proverbially, from our earliest remembrance, and though we knew he possessed a spirit of kindness towards others, we had never heard him thus refer to the sin that most easily beset him. We gazed, therefore, for some time, upon him, before we ventured a reply—at length we said, in a tone marked rather by affectionate solicitude, than the forwardness of boyish impertinence, "If respect is only found by avoiding excess in drinking, why then do we see so many forfeiting that respect?" Mr. —— looked a little confused, but he was soon prepared with a reply.

"It is, perhaps, because they have no one to point out to them their errors."

"But," said we, "some know their own errors, and point out the consequences to others. Why do they not avoid them?"

A cloud passed across the face of the poor man; but it was a feeling of pain, not of anger. He rose from the ground on which he was sitting, and standing for a few moments by my side, his feelings gradually subsided to the calmness of the delightful bay upon which we were looking.

"You ask," said he, "why they do not avoid the evil consequences of rum. Alas! you are too young to know the influences of appetite, when the means of gratification are within reach. You cannot know how desolating to every heart is the spirit of intemperance. At times it seems that good resolves will spring up, but if the temptation is not removed, the evil is repeated. Would there be found some powerful influence, some human beings to remove the sufferer from the plague, to raise him above the attack, he could, perhaps, be saved—but who shall do it?"

"Look along this shore, nearly its whole extent is marked by barren sands or abraded pebbles. Not a spire of grass shoots up, for every tide washes the whitened surface; and should there at any time spring up beyond us, a few green spots of herbage, the acrid waters of the returning spring tides would destroy it all. There is far up in the bay a single exception. Mr.—— has redeemed, by care, a portion of the shore, by shutting out the tide, and elevating the sod; no portion of salt water now reaches the enclosure, which is as green and flourishing as the upland fields. And just so it is with the drunkard. The poisoned glass returns to his lips as regular as the tide to the shore. Every house he enters presents the bitter waters, and thrice a day his employer provokes and gratifies his appetite for the accursed poison, in order to stimulate his muscles to labour. And if a single resolution of abstinence is formed, in sickness or in want, it is swept away by the returning wave of dissipation. When I see what has been the murderous effect of drunkenness, I stand astonished, that those who have got something to lose, should put all to risk upon every day's gratification. If they cannot elevate the fallen above the influence of the waves of intoxication, they might at least place the feet of their children above this tide."

We were astonished, child as we were, at the correctness of the man's perceptions. The wonder was that he should have ventured upon expressing them.

If the effect of drunkenness," said we, "is so injurious, and sobriety is so certain to bring early respect and ultimate wealth, why do we see so many—why, indeed, one that knowing those consequences, indulge in intoxication?"

"Or rather," said the man, starting suddenly, as if offended at the question—"Why do I continue to drink—why do I go racing through the town every week, mad as a bacchanal, and drunk as a brute, why do I destroy every form of rational pride, and every claim to human respect, by swilling at the bottle, until the very dogs bark at me as I reel along the road, or seek a lodging beneath the shelter of a friendly wall? Why is my wife, born to something better, and my children, who are ruined by my example, disgraced and half-starved by my cursed habits? This is what you ask—you mean to inquire, why I make a drunkard, a beast of myself, why I caution you against the crime."

We stepped backward, somewhat startled at the force of the appeal, and the truth of his application, but we did not deny that his own case was in our mind when we made the inquiry.

The man turned with us towards the beautiful bay, whose soft repose seemed to calm his agitation, and soothe the irritation of his mind. He gazed for some time upon the glassy surface, as it reflected back to him the pleasure of his earlier days, full of promise, honour to himself, and comfort to others. At length he said,

"You have heard from your mother and others, all my story, which is one of folly, not of crime, as the world reckons it; no man can charge them with the ordinary falsehoods which business excuses, if not encourages. My rapid descent was accelerated by the custom which then, as now, prevailed, and my intoxication was but the consequence of a single extra cup. I am now what you see me, without the ability or knowledge for mechanical labour, and consequently, dependent on the discharge of the meanest offices for bread. Yet, with the full recollection of all that I was, a consciousness of attainment suited to the enjoyment, if not the acquisition of wealth—it is now impossible for me to do more than to earn my bread by this menial toil, and it is painful to think that I could have done better.

"When I wake to sobriety, from my most beastly state, I feel that this labour is suited to such a wretch; I lost *my self-respect*, and grew content with my degradation—a week's sobriety would make me too proud to gather material for manure from the sea-shore, and my family would starve—my drunkenness has steeped my family in poverty, I must not by *sobriety* make them beggars. You do not understand this—you do not know the benefit of destroying all natural pride. May you never attain that forbidden knowledge; but remember that nothing is so effective as intoxication—drunkenness is the perfect destroyer of self-esteem."

The tears that coursed down the cheeks of the poor degraded man, told of awakened feelings, and we felt a hope that some new resolve of good was to be made.

"I have at times thought," said he, "that something might be done to check this torrent of intoxication, and plans have presented themselves to my mind—once, indeed, I spoke of them to one whose station would give importance to his views—he only replied, 'I drink only what I need, you drink too much.' There is a way to abate the evil, but what it is I know not—and generations may pass away, the proud be humbled, the rich beggared, and the noble and gallant degraded, by drunkenness, before the true remedy will be applied. What *that* is, I do not know."

The poor man died a tenant of an almshouse, and his auditor lives to see the remedy fully applied in all the circle, at that time within the knowledge of the two interlocutors.

From the Poughkeepsie [New-York] Telegraph.

EFFECT OF GOOD MANAGEMENT.

Mr. Page, the Principal of the State Normal School, in his admirable address before the Teachers' Institute of this county, at its last session, while on the subject of school government and corporal punishment, related an instance of the beneficial effects of good management that is worth being widely disseminated, that teachers generally may profit by it.

Mr. P. said that while engaged in school-teaching at the East, he had a boy brought into his school one day by his parent, who reported him as a very bad child. The father came into the school with him, leading him by the collar. He said he had been in other schools where they could do nothing with him; that he had flogged him severely at home, yet he heeded it not; that he would not observe the Sabbath or go to Sabbath School; in fact, that he disobeyed parental and defied other authority; and he had now brought him to see what he (Mr. P.) could do with him.

While this account was being given by the father of the son, the latter looked about with an expression, that he would maintain his character there. Mr. P. took him, and while he remained in the school for a few days, he was obliged to chastise him for his disobedience. Mr. P. was then taken sick, and for several weeks another teacher supplied his place, who boarded at the same house with him, and used daily to relate to him the trouble he had with this boy, and the punishment he gave him. Mr. P. said the accounts he received made him nervous, and protracted his recovery; but finally he regained his strength, and again took charge of the school.

He had before observed the movements of this boy, and commenced again to watch him. He saw him one day when the boys were out at recess, step up to a couple of smaller boys who had clenched each other in anger; put a hand upon each one of them and separate them, at the same time saying to the larger boy that if he wanted to fight with anybody he must take a boy of his size, and not meanly impose upon a smaller one. Another time he came to the school with his pockets full of apples. Soon his associates gathered around him, each one saying "Bill, (William was his name) give me an apple?" which request he complied with until they were all gone, when a little fellow came up with the same question. He felt in all his pockets but had none, and then replied, "I wish I had one for you, but I have not."

Soon the boy annoyed him in a number of ways, until one day when he was hearing a class recite he did a forbidden thing, when Mr. Page spoke to him and said, "William, you may come here and stand by my side." The boy obeyed. Mr. P. let the class proceed, but still his thoughts were with the boy, and finally he sent them to their seats. He had called him out with the intention of applying the rod. But he took him up to his desk, put his right elbow upon it, his hand to his head, and his left hand over the shoulder of the boy. The latter looked up at him, as much as to say, What new thing is coming now?

Mr. P. then commenced talking with him in a low tone. He said to him, "William, you are a strange boy. I don't know what to make of you. You will be a bright man or a very bad one, and I fear the latter. I know that unless you reform, your end will be a sorrowful one to yourself and to your friends. Yet there are some good things about you, William." And then he went on to tell him what he had observed in him, when he separated the boys, and when he gave away his apples. In looking down upon him at the time, to his surprise Mr. P. observed tears gathering in his eyes. He continued to talk to him so as to reach his feelings, until the boy commenced crying. He then asked him if he would be a good boy if he let him go that time, to which he replied, "I will try, Sir."

At first William endeavoured to suppress his emotions, that the other scholars might not see them, but finally, as he left the desk, he burst into tears and took his seat among his fellows, a subdued boy. Force had not conquered him, but good management—kind words—words of praise—had overcome him.

From that time Mr. Page had no trouble with William while he remained in school. He finally left it to learn the trade of an iron founder. The change had not only taken place in his behaviour at school, but at home. He was another boy. His father could not but notice it, and one day asked Mr. P. what he had done to make him a good and obedient youth.

Some years after, at an annual Thanksgiving, when the people of New England celebrated one of their happy home-gatherings, William was in his native place on a visit. Mr. Page fell in company with him in the street, when it was raining a little, and offered him his umbrella. They walked together to the post-office, where Mr. P. went in, and, as he supposed, had parted with William. But on coming out he found him waiting, and they walked together again. At last William broke the ice. He said to him, "Mr. Page, I have been making something for you to remember me by. You know that I was good at drawing when at school, and I always thought that the first work I could do for myself, I would make something that I might present to you. Accordingly I have drawn a cow drinking from a well. I have made a pattern of it, cast it, polished it as well as I am able, and if you will take it, I shall be glad to give it to you. You are the first person that ever commended me for anything. I was blamed, scolded, and whipped enough. But no one ever told me that I had a single good trait in me, till you did it. It made me feel proud. And I resolved then that I would never do anything again to offend you. How I kept my resolution you can best tell.

Mr. Page spoke some kind words to him, said he should be very thankful for his present, and it was brought to him. He placed it upon his mantel-piece; and when he removed from New England to this State, he sold many things that he prized, but the gift of William was not disposed of, and now ornaments his mantel-piece at Albany.

Single instances do not, as was remarked by Mr. Page, prove the correctness of a rule. Yet such instances should always be remembered by every teacher. Their avocation is a most important one. By harshness to youth, they make bad worse; by kindness and good management, they may change the bad nature to a genial one. They should ever study the capacities and the disposition of a child. They should, while cultivating his intellect, not forget to reach and benefit his heart. In our judgment a teacher should never use the rod, until other means have failed; and when in the use of it, he should, as in the case of Mr. Page and William, strive to awaken the better feelings of the child, for he may thereby save one who will be an ornament in society and a blessing to his fellows, instead of hardening him in disobedience, sealing up his happiness, and causing him to cast a blighting influence upon the community.

Teachers, parents, study good management if you would benefit the youth about you.

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN PAPERS.

THE "CUNNING WORKMAN'S" REWARD.—At the recent Gloucester meeting of the Archæological Association, as reported in the *Builder*, Mr. Farmer Dukes, F. S. A. in submitting an account of the ancient baronial mansion of Plaish, Salop, built in the sixteenth century, stated that the owner, a Judge, inquired at the time he was building it, for an artisan who could execute the ornamental chimney-shafts, and was told that he had just condemned to death the only man in the neighbourhood who could construct them. Then, said the Judge, he shall do my chimneys first. And accordingly the cunning workman was respited *pro tem.* executed the chimneys, and was then hung.

In the Parliamentary return of persons subscribing to railway contracts in 1845, are the following:—G. Hudson, York, £818,540; J. L. Goldsmid, London, £637,000; and G. B. Paget, Sutton Bonnington, £525,740.

NEW SIGN OF DEATH.—The following important discovery is calculated to be of great service in cases of suspected death. The communication was lately made to the Royal Academy of Sciences, Paris, by M. Ripault, who, in directing the attention of members to the discovery, observed, that it consisted in perfect flaccidity of the iris when the globe of the eye is compressed in two opposite directions. If the individual be living, the pupil retains its circular form, notwithstanding the compression; if dead, the aperture becomes irregular, and the circular form is lost.

CZERSKI is to deliver an address on the origin and progress of the German Reformation, at the Hanover Square rooms, on Friday next. Lord Ashly will preside. Speaking of Czerski's exclusion from the Alliance, the *Morning Advertiser* says:—Czerski is a modern Luther, and goes much farther than the monk of Worms did in the commencement of his career as a reformer; and if he be disowned, and excluded by the Evangelical Alliance, it follows of necessity, that had the same body existed in Luther's time, that great man would have been accosted with the expression, 'Stand by, for I am holier than thou.'"

CAFFRE WAR.—As in the murderous contest now going on at the Cape of Good Hope, the accounts through official channels naturally throw all the blame upon the native tribes, perhaps the editor of *The Times* will think impartial justice may entitle the weaker party to the insertion of the following extract of a letter written at the commencement of hostilities:—

"They have tormented the Governor into this war; they seem to thirst for Caffre blood, but the probability is, that they will bitterly lament their infatuation ere long.

"After a month's preparation, some one thousand five hundred troops entered Caffreland, besides burghers, and within a week the whole force had retreated with the loss of fifty wagons, loaded with ammunition and stores. The favourable accounts say fifty, but it is believed the number is nearer one hundred. A few days before this disgrace, the Caffre chiefs sent messenger after messenger suing for peace, and offering to relinquish the neutral territory, and submit to any terms the Governor might dictate. Tzatzoe was the last messenger; but it was all in vain, a proclamation had gone forth that the Caffres were to be chastised, and nothing less would satisfy the colonists. Alas! for the pride of man. The tone is now changed; defence now is all that is thought of, and there is some uneasiness about the fidelity of the twenty thousand Fingoes scattered up and down this Eastern province."

The foregoing is from a settler on the frontier, of undoubted veracity, and who, being an Englishman, cannot be supposed to have any bias in favour of the Caffres.

Very respectfully,
JOSEPH STURGE.

Birmingham, 8th mo. 22d, 1846.

On the 1st of October Mr. Charles Dickens commenced a new work, to be completed in twenty monthly parts, under the title of "Dealings with the Firm of Dombey and Son, wholesale, retail, and for exportation."

The aggregate of pledged teetotalers in the United Kingdom is about 1,000,000; of whom, it is computed, 30,000 belong to the Methodist Church.—*Wesleyan.*

AVERAGE OF LIFE.—M. Lombard found that the age of the stone-cutter averaged thirty-four years, the miller forty-two, the painter forty-four, the joiner forty-nine, the butcher fifty-three, the lawyer fifty-one, the surgeon fifty-four, the mason fifty-five, the gardener sixty, the merchant sixty-two, the Protestant clergyman sixty-two, the magistrate sixty-nine.—*Hastings on Consumption.*

Theodore Hook used to call maccaroni "tobacco pipes made easy;" scolloped oysters were "children's ears done in sawdust;" and a parsnip he dubbed "sick carrot."

ENGLISH CHOLERA.—The following recipe for the English cholera has been communicated to us by a high authority, who has also furnished evidence of its efficacy:—"A tea-spoonful of laudanum, ditto of spirit of camphor, ditto of red lavender, ditto of æther. Put all these together in a wine-glass full of brandy, and of the mixture give a tea-spoonful every quarter of an hour, until sleep and perspiration follow, which are the cure."—*Western Times.*

It is said that the result of certain experiments at Portsmouth, has been to show that a cannon-ball will go clear through an iron vessel, and that orders have been given by the Admiralty to suspend the building of all such vessels for the navy.

HINDOO WIDOWS AND HINDOO PRIESTS.—At a meeting held at Dhurmá Shabha, Bábu Moti Lál Sil read a paper advocating the duty of the re-marriage of Hindoo widows. The motion was negatived by an overwhelming majority. Some of the speakers said they would rather vote for the re-establishment of sati. The Bábu said that no amount of opposition would prevent him from agitating the subject, and that he believed the effort would be ultimately crowned with success. Dhurma Shabha is composed of what are called the orthodox or bigoted Hindoos. The principal opponents to the proposal of Moti Lál Sil, were the pundits and bráhmans, the bigoted priesthood of the Hindoos.—*Calcutta Christian Advocate.*

CLEANLINESS AND HEALTH.—A lady took a child to a physician in Utica, to consult him about its precious health. Among other things she inquired if he did not think the springs would be useful. "Certainly, madam," replied the doctor, as he looked at the child, "I have not the least hesitation in recommending the springs—and the sooner you apply the remedy, the better." "You really think it would be good for the dear little thing, do you?" "Upon my word it is the best remedy that I know of." "What springs would you recommend, doctor?" "Any will do, madam, where you can also get plenty of *soap.*"

A ROYAL QUANDARY.—On the first consignment of Seidlitz powders to the capital of Delhi, the monarch was deeply interested in the accounts of the refreshing beverage. A box was brought to the King in full court, and the interpreter explained to his Majesty how it was to be used. Into a goblet he put the contents of the twelve *blue* papers; and, having added water, the King drank it off. This was the alkali, and the royal countenance exhibited no signs of satisfaction. It was then explained that in the *combination* of the two powders lay the luxury; and the twelve white powders were quickly dissolved in water, and as eagerly swallowed up by his Majesty. With a shriek that will be remembered while Delhi is numbered with the kingdoms, the monarch rose, staggered, exploded, and in his agonies, screamed, "Hold me down!" Then rushing from the throne, fell prostrate on the floor. There he lay during the long-continued effervescence of the compound, spurting like ten thousand pennyworths of imperial pop, and believing himself in the agonies of death—a melancholy and humiliating proof that kings are mortal.—